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club

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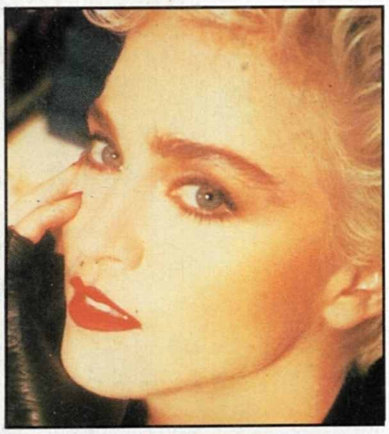

NEW PICTURES OF MADONNA NUDE

SEE PAGE 32

BLACK LEATHER BLUE TALK

WE'VE GOT LINZI DREW's FILM DEBUT

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND
CLUB
POUR HOMMES
NATHALIE: GONFLEE A BLOC
LE SUPPLICE DES DAMNES
MELONS POIRES ET ANANAS: UN NUMERO JUTEUX

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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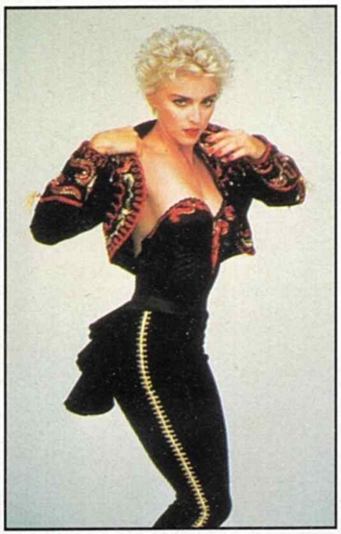

Cover Girl: Did you see her at Wembley? No, neither did we. Not that it matters a great deal, mind, 'cos we're led to believe she had her clothes on. And that, my friends, cannot be said about the pictures of this young lady which start on page 31 . . .

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Hey, there, Georgie girl!

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

Readers please note: *Spectacular advances in brain-scan technology made it possible for the Editor to write this page in his sleep. Frequent lapses in concentration, and indeed passages which make no sense at all, are therefore unavoidable – Dep. Ed.*

Welcome to this month's Club International. You'll find it packed with more stories, columns, and most importantly, even more girls than you've ever seen before.

A lady who particularly goads my gonads is Maria, just a flick away on page 9. Some of you might be interested to know how we choose these photographs. It's like this. The photographer shows me the pictures, and I say: "Cor, bloody hell, I couldn't half give her one!" Then someone sticks them on a page and we print them. Simple, really.

We've also put in a bit of stuff about cars and football. We're all supposed to like this, seeing as we're real men and we eat nuclear waste for breakfast, but you can give me a dirty video and a curry, any night of the week. Still, the art boys like them, in spite of the fact they drive shit cars and got beaten hollow in the football tournament.

Nikki Downey has her second intimate Club photo session on page 20. When she visited the offices recently, she asked why we kept asking her to appear in her own spreads. "You don't ask Ian Potter to take his clothes off and get in front of the camera," she said.

After we picked ourselves up off the floor and put our stomachs back in, we explained that Ian's body wasn't quite what we were after. Nikki's body, on the other hand, is just up our alley . . .

You'll find something a bit new when you turn to page 71. As more and more rampant mail floods into the Club offices, we're having to expand our letters sections to keep up. The result is *Talkin' Blue*, a huge extra helping of your horny experiences and freaky fantasies, with special Club photos to match. My God, you're a filthy lot. Good thing we are too.

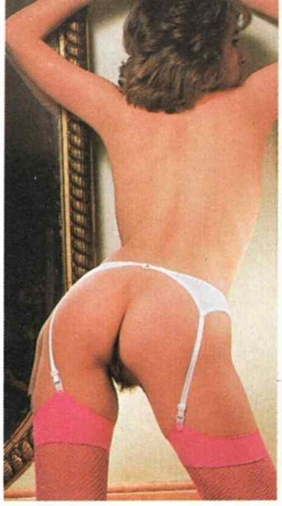
There are buckets more bits and bobs in your brilliant bollock-boggling best-ever Club International . . . but I don't have time to tell you about them now. I'm off to see my private brain care specialist. He lives on the fifth stop off the interstellar underground going north, Alpha Centurai Broadway. I fancy his receptionist – the only talking eggplant I know who can give head and whip up an avocado dip at the same time. My kind of girl.

So I'll be on a different planet for a month, I'll tell you about the weather on Alpha Centurai when I get back in October. In the meantime, take a butcher's at the centrespread, and get ready to be very, very jealous. 'Cos I'm taking her with me. *(See what I mean? – Dep. Ed.).* ♣

Linzi Drew

Lucy – as seen through Nikki's viewfinder

Lisa


Maria

Julie, gracing the centrespread

Above: *Georgina* ***Below:*** *Maria from the front!*

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

Cor blimey! Phew, what a mailbag! Streuth, what a bundle of French letters! That was the sort of thing our postman was coming out with when delivering lustful letters from all over Europe in praise of Jill here.

Not very clever stuff, we know, but you can't expect the average postie to win the Nobel prize for literature, especially when he looks like Bobby Davro.

Every time Jill came round to the Club offices to pick up her post her grin got bigger and bigger.

"It was great when I realized that my first modelling session had brought in more horny letters than the rest of the girls in Vol 16 No 8 put together," she told us. "I knew I was sexy, but I didn't realize so many readers would think I was the sexiest girl they'd ever seen!

"Do tell the lads out there to keep sending the letters. I read every one of them, and the ruder ones really turn me on. I like the guys to tell me everything they want to do with me!

"And besides, if you keep on writing, the boys at Club might even ask me back for another full photo session!"

Well, we might, Jill. You lot will have to decide that one. Keep sending votes for your favourite floozy to *Come Again*, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. Every vote counts, and the girls read every letter. What they do with them afterwards, though, is strictly up to them . . . ♣

IN·THE·BAG

We want to hear from you about what you like, what you did, where you did it, how good she was, or anything you reckon we might be interested in. Send your contributions to In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

***The Big Ten:** Jonelle's the sexiest so far*

The Big Ten

I am writing in praise of Best of Club (No 12). What could be better? Ten beautiful girls showing off their excellent boobs, bums and figures.

This is the first mag I have managed to buy without anyone commenting (saying that I will need thicker lenses in my glasses, or that I'll go blind), or giving me any dirty looks.

Kris, Kim and Sabba are such beautiful dishes I could screw them any day, any time, anywhere – but I would not like Charley to get jealous. Caroline and Suzette look a bit too sophisticated for me, and Anita, Yvette and Tanya are also quite good-looking (I can just imagine them all trying to suck the cream out of my hard dick).

As for Linzi – she ought to get her hair cut, and shaped around her shoulders (or perhaps 10cm above) and have it permed or styled. She should also change her sexy underwear – it's been black for three months running. How about white or pink for

IN ARREARS

Have you ever tried to edit a magazine? Thought not. Well, it's not the barrel of laughs you think it's going to be, I can tell you.

The photographers are all drunk, the writers are lazy, and the secretary makes the worst coffee in Soho. If it wasn't for the girls, I'd leave today; I really would.

So I said to the staff, just let me have one thing. One *little* thing. Let me put some bums in. And let me choose them.

I think you'll agree I've done a pretty nice job here. To me, there's nothing like a couple of well-formed, tight buttocks after a curry and six tins of Tennent's Super to make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up and dance the watusi. Hope you feel the same. Sit back and enjoy.

WIN WIN WIN!

Keep reading! 'Cos seeing that the schoolmistress with the concrete hairdo is back in Number Ten we thought we'd stay in tune with the times and introduce a little competition.

This bunch of bouncing buns has been selected from the thousands of shots in the massive Club vault. The owners of each posterior have appeared in these pages in the last few months. Check out your back issues, and if you reckon you can guess who's been sitting on what, send us a letter with the name of each girl and the issues of Club in which you think they appeared.

The first five entries out of the bag will receive a massive, brand spanking new, incredibly erotic/useful/artistic Club International T-shirt – more exclusive than even a *Blue Peter* badge. We'll even throw in one for the girlfriend/boyfriend, so please state sizes. Send your entry to In Arrears, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. The Editor's decision is final, be I drunk or sober. ♣

a change?

Also, when can we expect another set of Jonelle to be shown? She deserves a prize for being the sexiest bird (Vol 16 No 3) you have shown so far this year!

NF, Stevenage

TOP TEN CORNER

1. Pattie Caldwell (BBC'S Open Air)
2. Diane Abbott (new MP, Hackney)
3. Jane Fonda (actress)
4. Miriam Stoppard (TV personality)
5. Kathleen Turner (actress)
6. Debbie Thrower (BBC newsreader)
7. Anne Robinson (Points of View – BBC TV)
8. Sally (Club International, Vol 16 No 6)
9. Princess Diana
10. Esther Rantzen

Duncan, Plymouth

*Miriam Stoppard, OK. Diane Abbott, even. But **Esther Rantzen?!** – Ed.*

It Never Rains

I'll never forget this sunny summer afternoon, back in my teens, when I went for a walk in the park with my first boyfriend. I was only wearing a T-shirt and a little denim skirt because it was so incredibly hot, but without any warning whatsoever the sky suddenly clouded over and it started to rain torrentially. To my dismay, my top became so saturated, it clung to me like a second skin, and I wasn't wearing a bra. Worse still, it became almost totally transparent, so that passers-by could see the full turn of my breasts and my jutting nipples.

I was acutely embarrassed. Although I was very proud of my newly-mature body, the last thing I wanted was to flaunt it to the whole area. I grabbed my boyfriend's hand and we made a bee-line for the protection of a nearby cluster of trees and shrubs.

I was annoyed to discover my predicament seemed to be having a stimulating effect on my boyfriend. He just wouldn't stop touching me; stroking my fanny and grinding his crotch into mine.

continued over page

MOTORVATION

*This is the motoring column where anything goes: from Austin Healeys to Aston Martins; from trafficators to turbochargers; from here to eternity. This month, **John** "Alf Garnett" **Masham** slags Italians, Japs and Londoners – but at least he likes four-wheel steering . . .*

If you've ever wondered why the Romans built such straight roads, it's because their chariots didn't have steering wheels. Every time a Roman came to a bend the chariot would run straight off (hence the Latin tag *Veni, Vidi, Ditchy* – I came, I saw, I ran into a ditch) so that, before long, even the thick ones had sussed out the benefits of straight roads. Not a bad compromise, I'm sure you'll agree.

While we're on the subject of the Romans, I wish someone would tell me why – if they were really so bloody smart – Caesar's friends and countrymen went around all day dressed in bedsheets. Any civilization whose major contribution to the world is the toga-party can't be that clever. And let's be honest; if they were all that advanced, how come they evolved into Italians?

On the whole, though, if you forget certain areas of southern Europe, evolution has been pretty successful. Personal transport has come on great strides, too, though you might not believe it looking at a Lada Riva. Nowadays even the most humble cars are equipped with steering mechanisms of one sort or another. I know it's hard to believe when you see so many of them slewing all over the shop at pub chucking-out time, but it's the truth.

However, those humble steering mechanisms are soon to be a thing of the past. At some point this year, the Japanese (who else?) are going to be launching their new four-wheel steering models on an unsuspecting world.

The project is the brainchild of Mazda, and when those new cars hit the streets in a few months' time it should put them several jumps ahead of the competition, most of whom haven't yet figured out four-wheel drive, let alone four-wheel steering.

In common with most Jap manufacturers, Mazda used to be a bit of a joke over here, but nowadays everyone's been forced to take them rather more seriously. (For those of you with a technical bent, the joke against Mazda went something like: "All Mazdabators are Wankels." And if you reckon you get that one, you either work in the motor trade or you're lying.)

Earlier this year they really worried their competitors with the claim that their fantastic 323 Turbo 4×4 had walked all over the competition on the rallying circuits – for a while there everyone thought they'd invented a car with legs – and my guess is that exactly the same group of people are sweating over the onset of four-wheel steering.

The benefits of four-wheel steering are obvious – it's all to do with improved manoeuvrability both at high speeds and in tight parking spaces. I can't help laughing at this, because a mate of mine – a Mazda owner – has found his own jet black RX7 to be *too* manoeuvrable, and that's without 4WS.

One night not so long ago, my mate's car simply manoeuvred itself out of his car park, and out of his life. Although the RX7 is a damn smart car, it's reasonable to suppose the thing didn't do it on its own; in short, it was nicked. Our man was warned by the police that he probably wouldn't see it again – this class of car, they said, would be quickly reregistered and resold.

Bit of a surprise, then, when two weeks later the cop shop rang him with some good news and some bad news. Good news? They'd found his car. Bad news? It had some bits missing. "Wheels, sir, stuff like that, mostly . . ."

Travelling as directed to a dingy South London street, our hero found his car – well, most of it – and while wondering how the hell to get it home, he heard a voice behind him.

Hoping it might be a travelling wheel salesman, he turned round only to find himself face to face with a fine and hairy specimen of South London Youth. This one, who had obviously just learned to walk erect that morning, had probably come in search of the secret of fire. Failing that, he was looking for a head to dent with the club he now held.

Panicking somewhat, Mr Mazda shouted: "I'm the owner!" The creature took an ominous step closer. Then, obviously having learned to talk that morning as well, he grunted to an unseen accomplice (a female, as it later turned out) "Oh shit, it's the owner!" Resistance seemed useless.

And then, with a cry of: "We're the Police!" it was all over. Well, how was our man supposed to know? Like you and me, he thought that stories of plainclothes policemen staking out a stolen motor were just pure *Jackanory*. The neanderthal man didn't look like Dempsey, and she was no Makepeace, but the fact remains that he had walked into the middle of a police stake-out: a simple case of the long arm of the law, back at the cop shop, not knowing what its other arm was up to.

Which just goes to show, even when mankind has advanced so far that four-wheel steering becomes standard, and we can build our roads as bendy as we like, some bastard will still nick the bloody tyres. The Romans knew that: thus their Latin motto, *radial malorum est cupiditas* – tyres are the root of all evil. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 7

I kept pushing him away, but the more I resisted, the hornier he became. If only to earn myself a break, I kneeled in the mud in front of him, unzipped his jeans, and jerked him off into my mouth. All the while he muttered obscenely about how "wonderful" I looked in wet clothes, but fortunately he ejaculated before he started to seriously annoy me.

For the next week or two, my boyfriend kept hassling me for what he called "wet sex". The idea of screwing him in wet underthings didn't exactly get my clit throbbing, but just to get me some peace of mind, I agreed to take a shower with him, wearing just a black nightie and black seamed stockings.

Immediately I stepped under the shower, my boyfriend grabbed me. We kissed passionately as we thrashed around on the floor of the shower, and I spread soap suds over his cock and gave him a slow, sensual hand job. Eventually I went down on all fours for him and he fucked me doggy-style, really hard and fast, while massaging soapy water over my silk-covered tits and bare bum. I can't deny I found the whole experience immensely enjoyable. With my lover's prick up me so deep I could feel his wet pubic hair tickling my snatch, I shook my bum from side to side and screamed and wailed and generally let it all hang out, climaxing with such amazing intensity, I almost fainted.

I'd definitely caught the wet sex bug. Now, ten years later and happily married (to a marvellously kinky, well-endowed bloke!), wet sex is regularly on our agenda. Best of all, I like to wear short black PVC raincoats, black stockings and suspender belt and rubber boots, and to squat on my feller's face while he's lying on an inflatable beach mattress in the shower room; then to swivel around – still sitting on his mouth – and to suck his huge cock until he comes.

Rachel, Wallasey

More, More: It's the suckable four!

More, More!

I have never before really thought it worthwhile to put fingers to typewriter on your behalf but must write and congratulate you on Vol 16 No 6. The *Club Event* was easily the best yet – you can keep wet T-shirts and porridge wrestling. Sheila, April, Denise and Kate were the most fuckable girls you have ever shown together. Two of them especially had particularly big and suckable tits. Lovely!

David K, Warwick

Now that's the sort of letter we want – short, to the point, no frills, and about big tits. Put in some more by this man – Ed.

Model Performers

I thought I'd write to tell you about an incident which happened to me a couple of weeks ago.

During the day I work for an engineering company, and, at night, I take up my other job as a part-time male model – nothing much, just fashion stuff and some promotions.

One evening, I went off to model some gents' underwear and leather gear for one of those erotic glamour-wear catalogues. When I arrived at the studio, I was introduced to the two other models, Sharon and Heather. Both girls were blonde and both had beautiful figures. I later found out Heather was 22 and Sharon was only 19.

We were told to go upstairs and start getting changed. During the session, while we were nipping in and out of all the different underwear, I couldn't stop glancing over at the two girls as they changed into their sexy underwear. I noticed both of them were also taking a bloody good look at me.

When the session had finished, I went to take a shower. When I returned, everyone had left except Sharon and Heather, who were sitting having a cup of tea. I was still wearing only a towel wrapped around my waist and when I sat down, it pulled tight, clearly outlining

Sign on the titted

Suppose he must be using a poison pen, then, eh? Geddit? Ha, ha!

Old punks never die, the

They look pretty venomous, too, don't they?

You get people like Ben Volpeliere Pierrot, singer with latest teenybopper top dogs Curiosity Strangled The Cat, who detest signing autographs. "I don't see the point in autographs, really," says the man who's made an absolute mint out of the kind of people who ask for his signature. Who in their right mind would want a monicker like that in their autograph book anyway?

No such qualms from Los Angeles glam-rock outfit, Poison, though. In fact, quite the reverse is the case. "If it moves, sign it," would appear to be their motto. And, following a promo visit to London, young ladies proved to be the favourite writing material – as guitarist C C Deville illustrates here.

Poison had a minor hit in early summer with *Talk Dirty To Me*, and if you can't recall ever hearing it, that's probably because the BBC banned it. You can catch a listen, however, by picking up the LP, *Look What The Cat Dragged In*. Write to the record company, and they my bulge. Both girls looked at it.

After my tea, I went upstairs to get dressed. I was standing naked, drying myself in front of the mirror, when I noticed the delicious form of Heather standing in the doorway. I turned around, still naked. She apologized, but said she had needed to fetch some make-up.

I'd guessed she'd come for more than make-up, and this hunch was confirmed when she removed her nightdress to reveal a white, lacy basque, white designer stockings and the smallest white G-string I have ever seen. While rummaging for her make-up, she bent over and the G-string dug into the cheeks of her arse.

The way she was moving her arse about made me feel

continued on page 98

ine...

ust keep on whippin'

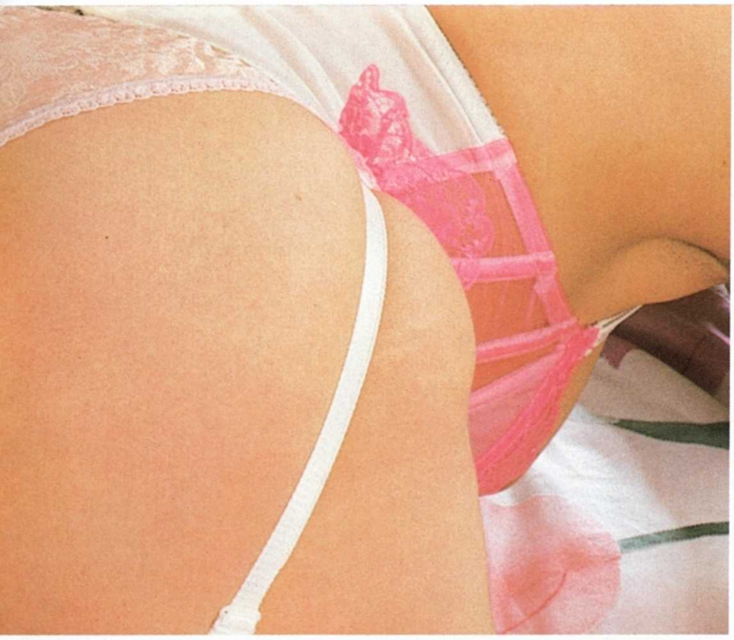
might even arrange to have your tits signed.

And talking of the wild and wacky record business, this rather attractive pic of ex-punkette Beki Bondage (above) came in the post today, causing we "Leather Rats" in the office no end of blood pressure trouble.

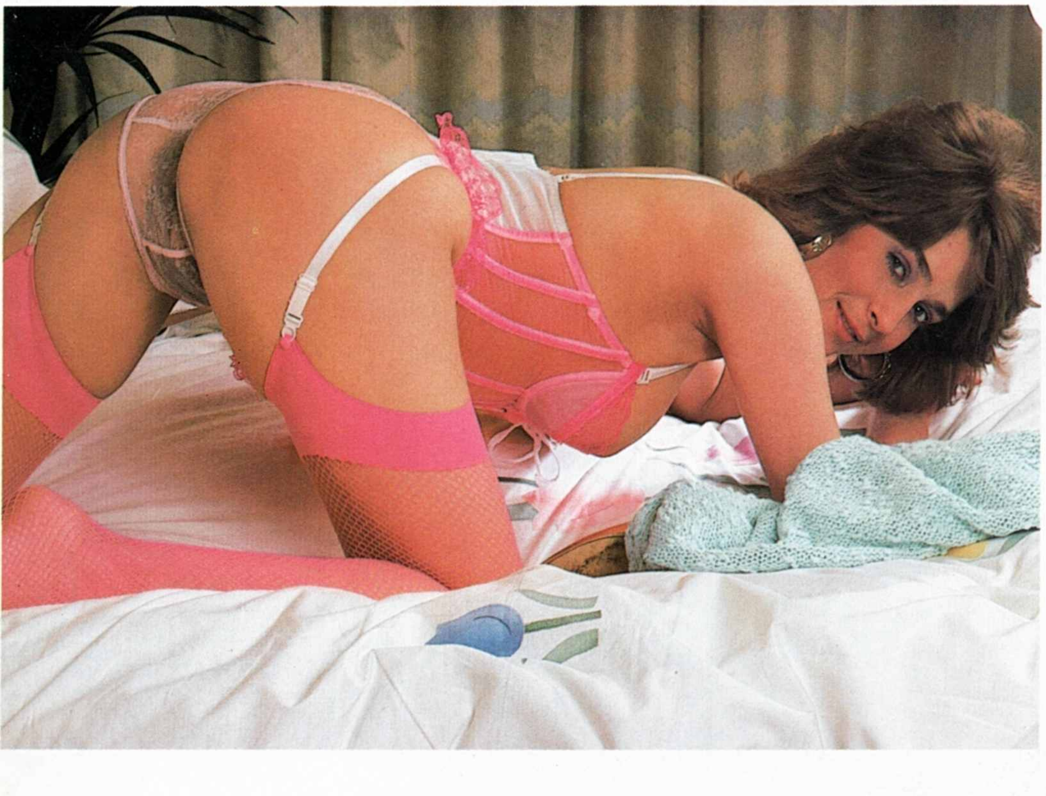
Beki has a single out this month, and an LP in October, but at time of press the scatty chanteuse has no idea what they're going to be called. So we've no reason for printing this picture other than the fact that she makes our bits buck. And you know something? That'll do us fine. ♣

MARIA

Photographs by Joanie Allum



We like bums in this office. Not just any old bum, you understand – it's got to look something like Maria's for it to be of any interest to us at all. Definitely in the v. nice



category is Maria's rear.

It should be, mind, for she goes out of her way to keep it like that. "Obviously, in my line of business, it's in my own best interests to keep my backside in shape.

"But I'm especially keen to keep a shapely bottom, because my very favourite position is doggy-style, and I'm always conscious of sticking my bum in the air."

As good a reason as any. ♣

LEWDO

ARE YOU CLASSY?

Yes, you guessed it – it's a really crap quiz! Find out if you're really "classy" with that style guru, ***Peter*** "what's wrong with flares then" ***White!***

1 Classy lovers pick up girls with classy names. What was your latest conquest called?
- a) Clarissa
- b) Fiona
- c) Sharon
- d) Alfred
- e) Fido

2 You should have the correct word on hand for all occasions. For instance, while you're passionately kissing a faultless blonde, she belches her lunchtime curry right down your throat. What do you say?
- a) Bugger me!
- b) Never mind, dear, it's completely natural
- c) Ah, Chateau Lafitte with Chicken Madras – an excellent choice

3 Who's your favourite sex object?
- a) Nastassia Kinski
- b) Joan Collins
- c) Olive from *On The Buses*
- d) Arthur Mullard
- e) Kermit

4 What word or phrase do you use to refer to sex?
- a) Bonking
- b) Shagging
- c) Making lurve
- d) Mining the velvet depths

5 Preparing for a date, what underwear do you put on?
- a) Silk Georgio Armani boxer shorts
- b) Marks & Sparks white briefs
- c) Yellowing Y-fronts with "I don't use it as a rule" printed on the front
- d) Nothing

6 What underwear does your ideal woman wear?
- a) Janet Reger lingerie set
- b) Stockings, suspenders and crotchless panties
- c) Thermals
- d) Incontinence pants

7 What music do you use to seduce a lady with?
- a) Ravel's *Bolero*
- b) *I Want Your Sex* by George Michael
- c) *Puppy Love* by Donny Osmond
- d) *The Floral Dance* by Terry Wogan

8 On that crucial date, she wants to bring along her friend, Wendy, who has a face like an underdone Bird's Eye Steakhouse grill. Do you:
- a) Bung Wendy in the boot of your Capri?
- b) Phone your mate, Rod, who has a face like a burnt Findus pizza?
- c) Make it a quiet evening in so your friends won't see you, and shag the pair of them?
- d) Take out your Luger and blow Wendy's head off?

9 It's that tricky moment. You're both sitting on the couch with a cup of coffee at the end of the evening. Make-your-move time. Do you say:
- a) Orright then, girl – tits out!
- b) I don't usually say this on a first date, but – suck me hampton, will you?
- c) I can feel something growing between us

10 On the first night, what position do you go for?
- a) Me on top
- b) Her on top
- c) On top of the wardrobe
- d) Me behind her
- e) Me behind the wardrobe, her under the stairs

11 You cry out in the heat of passion. What do you say?
- a) Me nuts, me nuts!
- b) Edna, do it harder!
- c) Urrrrrgggggggghhhhhh!
- d) My word, darling, that's sublime

12 You're pumping away like mad. Your willy wobbles, your scrotes choke, and it's all over. She's still panting for more. Do you:
- a) Try to do the business with a flaccid chappie?

DICKY HOWETT

Illustrated by Dicky Howett

b) Roll over, fart and tell her to use the bedpost?

c) Craftily insert a carrot you kept by for the purpose?

d) Finish off expertly with your tongue?

13 What does the word 'Club' mean to you?

a) The best men's magazine on the market

b) Stringfellow's

c) The Wheeltapper's and Shunter's social

d) A biscuit

SCORING

1. a-5 b-4 c-3 d-2 e-1
2. a-1 b-3 c-5
3. a-5 b-4 c-3 d-2 e-1
4. a-2 b-2 c-1 d-5
5. a-5 b-3 c-0 d-5
6. a-5 b-3 c-1 d-5 (so weird, it's classy)
7. a-4 b-4 c-5 d-0
8. a-3 b-2 c-1 d-5
9. a-1 b-1 c-1 (no classy option)
10. a-5 b-5 c-2 d-4 e-1
11. a-2 b-1 c-3 d-5
12. a-1 b-1 c-1 d-5
13. a-5 b-3 c-2 d-1

CONCLUSIONS

45 – 65 points: Your name is Bond. James Bond. Either that, or you're lying. The words *suave, cool, sophisticated, randy*, all sum up your highly classy lifestyle. In fact, you're a right pain in the arse. Bugger off and be perfect somewhere else; you're making us ill.

25 – 45 points: Pretty decent. You can have a snog without picking your nose, and have a screw without farting. You may never be Anthony Andrews, but you'll never be Les Dawson, either.

15 – 25 points: You need another quiz. Have you washed in the last month? Have you ever heard of manners? Was your last girlfriend blind and deaf with no sense of smell? If so, she was lucky.

Under 15 points: Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeuch.

FOUL·PLAY

As the season starts again, our man on the terraces, ***U Watt****, reports on the state of British football and horse droppings. Why do Chelsea fans have small willies? Read on and you'll find out!*

Football is back. It's true: Jimmy Hill said so, and anybody who, like me, has spent countless Wednesday evenings enduring his expert analyses of the modern game will know that Jimmy Hill is *not* all chin and Craven Cottage . . . he also boasts a fairly large nose.

But that's by the bye. On this occasion he is right: all the vital signs say our national sport is on the mend. Attendances are up, transfer fees are down, hair is short.

And hair really is important. It is an interesting and often overlooked fact that on the one and only occasion that England won the World Cup (1966), not a single member of the squad had a perm. The sooner Bobby Robson realizes the significance of this, the better.

Football is back for 1987/88 but there are one or two faces missing from the beginning-of-term photograph. Three out of the "Big Four" clubs have lost key individuals to the European stage (Manchester United had no key individuals after last season's performance).

In spite of a brief campaign by Liverpool fans and a bizarre plot by the club itself, Ian Rush – The Welsh Wizard – left Anfield for the green, green lire of Juventus and the chance to play in European club competitions.

Glenn Hoddle, he of the silky singing voice and even silkier skills, left his beloved Spurs to play for Prince Rainier's Monaco XI. Their average attendance is around 4500, so he should feel quite at home.

> **Lawrie McMenemy's initial assessment of the Dell is rumoured to have been, "It's shite, Mun."**

Howard Kendall, the man who made blue fashionable on Merseyside once more, upped and offed to join the growing contingent of British managers in Spain.

Many tears have been shed over the mass export of British talent to the European game, but I can't help thinking it's a good thing. Eventually, footballers the world over will come round to the British way of thinking and the British style of play. Latins will understand that taking a player's legs away is listed as "foul play" in the rule book. Maradona will learn that hands are for throw-ins and the Brazilians will focus their attacks on a "big No.9". Consequently, England will win the World Cup . . . providing Hateley gets his hair cut.

By the way, if you're wondering why I didn't include Arsenal among that big four, the answer is simple . . . I don't like them.

At long last violence is going out of fashion and fathers feel confident enough to take their kiddies to the match. However, the hordes flocking back to watch this season will still meet up with some of the old headaches.

There's the horse manure for a start. Can't the police encourage their trusty steeds to go before leaving the stables? I sometimes wonder which end of the Police horse I fear the most; the mouth that can bite the bobble off your hat with one nonchalant gnash, or the arse which can blow your hat clean off from 30 yards?

But the worst problem of all is the "Shitegrounds". I sometimes marvel at the architecture of certain football stadia; the segregating fence, positioned with meticulous precision so as to obscure three quarters of the pitch; the programme hut designed to do the same; the terrace that leaves the littl' uns' heads below ground level. All these factors constitute a Shiteground. Plough Lane, home of Wimbledon FC, is a Shiteground. So is the Dell, home of Southampton. In fact, when Lawrie McMenemy first came to manage Southampton, his initial assessment of the Dell is rumoured to have been: "It's shite, Mun."

You have to feel sorry for Wimbledon, though. Not only do they have to play in front of the most meagre crowds in the First Division but, as if to rub salt into the wound, those crowds insist on calling their heroes "The Wombles". Kinell! How can a professional be expected to build up aggression on the park when he's constantly being reminded he's a Womble? On top of all that, they lost the man who managed them all the way from the Southern League to Division 1 in just nine years to Watford, of all places.

Watford, as we all know, is a family club. Average attendance: four pensioners, two adults (middle-aged), 2.4 children and a pet of some description. Plus 5000 visiting supporters and Elton John. Now that John Barnes has been lured away to Liverpool, the family pet is seriously considering not coming any more.

Liverpool, for their own part, had an extraordinary season. They won nothing.

PHUTT!
ADIDIKE

The popular explanation for this among Scousers is that their midfield were, on several occasions, flummoxed by the appearance of Ian Rush on both sides of the penalty area at the same time. This unearthly phenomenon was caused by Rush lookalike, John Aldridge, who was bought by Dalglish as part of an elaborate plot to keep Ian Rush at Anfield.

The scam worked like this: when the man from Juventus came to collect the Welsh Wizard they would swap him with Aldridge, a youngster of dubious Irish descent, and retain their supremo.

It failed because the youngster of dubious Irish descent failed to grow a 'tache in time for the transaction, and so the club was forced to part with the genuine article.

I spoke to Gary Bailey (former Manchester United 'keeper) shortly afterwards and he said that he would have liked to have been the regular England goalkeeper.

"I would have liked to have been the regular England goalkeeper," he said.

And so the stage is set for a new generation of stars to grace the scene. Will Clive Allen satiate his hunger for goals? Will Mike Quinn find the touch that made him the Second Division's leading scorer last season and helped Portsmouth to promotion? Will Scarborough, newly-promoted to the Football League, attract bigger crowds than Glenn Hoddle and Mark Hateley at Monaco?

And since you've read all this way you'll want to know why Chelsea fans have small willies. Simple. 'Cos they're crap, that's why. ♣

HARD·NEWS

THE · PAPER · WITH · BALLS

Edited by Colin Jeffery and Paul Dunn

Every month, in throbbing ten-inch columns, we bring you the news stories that got away.

SHOCK FIND

FOR six days a private detective, hired by a Greek shipowner's wife in New York, tried to catch the woman's husband together with his girlfriend. On the sixth day the detective at last traced the man's car to some woods and approached the vehicle.

Then came the shock. The naked woman who was busy making love on the back seat with the shipowner was the detective's wife. *(National Examiner)*

UN-SECRET LOVE

LOVELY shopgirl Kirsten Ankers broke off her engagement to seaman Harald Ericksen, and he began to date as many girls as he could – and each one he took back to Kirsten's home in Bergen, Norway, where he would make love to them in the doorway.

He made a great deal of noise while making love, so his presence would be no secret to his ex-girlfriend. Kirsten stood it for five weeks before seeking a court injunction to force Harald to take his girls elsewhere. *(National Examiner)*

MODEL AFFAIR

SAFE sex reaches the Amazon: tribal chief Tulaca Unguru recently organized a huge wedding ceremony for his latest 20 brides. They came from the sky, and all have green eyes and identical features. Chief Tulaca worships them as goddesses, but has so far gone no further than a passionate kiss on the cheek.

When archaeologist Antonio Paulino told the chief his wives were in fact department store dummies, unloaded accidentally from a plane en route to Rio de Janeiro, Unguru was undismayed. He declared it was a good omen for the tribe, and the wedding ceremony went ahead regardless. Paulino reports the marriage is so far a happy one.

WRITE ON

WOMEN customers at the *Gander On The Green* pub in Canberra, Australia, have demanded that a special graffiti blackboard be placed in the Ladies' toilet, because one had been put up in the Gents.

A woman customer commented angrily: "We've dirty minds just like the men . . . and should have equal rights to express them." *(Sun-Herald)*

365 TIMES A YEAR

MICHIGAN car worker Ray Laywell lived up to his name and won over a million dollars – enough to retire.

Ray, 31, bet with a bookmaker that he could sleep with a different girl every night of the year; and at the end of the time he produced names, dates and hotel bills to prove it.

The year's shenanigans cost him about 20,000 dollars. After receiving the bookmaker's cheque, Laywell said: "I'm planning a trip round the world – alone. I've had enough women to last me a lifetime." *(Michigan Times)*

HELP! THERE'S A SQUIRREL UP MY SKIRT

CHIPPY the squirrel is nutty about sexy women – and shows it by bolting right up their skirts.

The toothy terror puts his victims in a panic by dashing up their legs to nip them in a very tender spot.

Chippy, an eight-month old grey squirrel, has found girls' upper thighs irresistible since his owner set him free in a park at St Neots, Cambridgeshire.

A spokesman for London Zoo said: "Chippy is only looking for somewhere dark and warm to relax. He's most certainly not looking for nuts." *(Sun)*

HARD TO BARE

WOMEN workers at a factory in Dallas, Texas, pulled down a teenage colleague's trousers and sprayed his private parts with silicon, which set rock-hard within minutes.

Doctors spent two hours gently chipping away to free the man's assets. *(Globe)*

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY

WHEN defending a man charged with sending obscene books through the post, a Wisconsin lawyer telephoned the prosecution attorney and requested to see the offending material.

It arrived at his office the following morning – by post. *(Globe)*

Send us your sex-crazed newspaper cuttings, and we'll pay a crisp tenner for every one used. On top of that, the intrepid reader who supplies our lead story will receive a year's subscription and a sack of uncensored Club goodies. Write to Hard News, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

TAPED!

We all know what we really want from our video machine. Raw sex. But we have to pay for it, and ***Richard Marshall*** *gets all his tapes free. So the least the lucky bugger can do is tell us what they were like. Hit it, Rick . . .*

If like me you are a sucker for big tits, then you'll surely be delighted with the first of this month's meaty video offerings. It's called **Bouncing In The U.S.A.** and is chock full of top-heavy females so amply endowed that they probably haven't seen their feet in ages. The star of the show is a certain Pat Wynn, a lady of somewhat mature years (hence her theme tune – *Thanks For The Mammaries*) who is better know as *Escort's* agony aunt. Here she takes time off from the daily grind of answering questions like "Have you ever had a meaningful sexual experience with a Labrador" (from Lassie of Battersea), or "How on earth do you unglue sticky pages?" (from Frustrated Cream Bun Eater, Chelsea) to join forces with her American counterpart Candy Samples in a positive orgy of bouncing bazookas.

Yes, this is definitely the Clash of the Tit-ans. Never before have so many big boobs been gathered together in one place without Dennis Norden around to compere the show. Pat breasts the tape at 42DD, while cuddly Candy has to get planning permission every time she buys a bra for her massive 48EE melons. How either of them manage to stand up straight is a mystery to me.

Anyway, the plot (such as there is of it) has Pat arriving at Candy's luxurious Beverly Hills mansion to help cast a sexy movie. This entails both of them "auditioning" girls like the voluptuous Candye Kane, a curvaceous creature in a cowboy hat who squeezes her mountainous assets and sucks on the barrel of a toy gun. Being a *Dirty Harry* fan, I can relate to the phallic implications here, and I certainly wouldn't mind her using her 44 Magnums to blow my head clean off . . .

While this is going on, two more delectable pairs of dumplings are being dangled over the pool table next door as bouncing blonde Trinity and top-heavy Terry get to know each other intimately. When Tom the chauffeur walks in he is quick to realize it's the biggest break he's ever likely to get, so without bothering to chalk his cue he goes for the long pot. As always, good ball control wins the day. Cut to Candy's secretary Jacqueline, a poor elf-like creature (she only measures a paltry 36DD) who harbours a secret desire to get into Pat's knickers. She'd like to get into her bra as well, but that's been sold off to a parascending team. Longingly she gazes at Pat's picture and starts to do things with her fingers that nice girls don't indulge in – and I don't mean picking her nose.

It is at this point that Pat stumbles in on her and the scene is set for the steamiest bit of the movie: yes, an embarrassed Jackie goes off to make a cup of tea!

Seriously, if big wibbly wobblers are what lights your candle then *Bouncing In The U.S.A.* is definitely the tape to get hold of. The plot may be minimal, but who cares when the screen is filled to bursting with threepenny bits of the most dazzling proportions?

And after you've twanged the wire to that one, why not try **Bounce Out**, which is an intriguing behind-the-scenes look at the production of the above, featuring the bits that were left out because they weren't alright on the night. So we get to see Tom the chauffeur muffing his lines instead of the female cast, witness the disastrous malfunction of exploding bras and see the "Knokkerometer" – a gadget designed to prove the truth of that old adage: "You don't get many of those to the pound!" It's fun to watch the filmmakers making tits of themselves for a change, and the girls in the cast join in enthusiastically. The best bit: an erotic bed scene between Pat and a gorgeous half-caste named Donna is disrupted by the appearance on the scene of her pet moggy. "I know the guys are interested in seeing Donna's pussy," sighs Pat, "but this is ridiculous . . ."

My limp dick award for the biggest cinematic disappointment of last year went to the dismally unerotic *9½ Weeks*, a film that seemed to run for a great deal longer than its title and completely wasted the talents of that minor league Brando and Monroe teaming, Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger. Now the inevitable Italian ripoff arrives on the scene courtesy of Avatar Video, and though it's not as well acted as the original it's a pleasure to report that **11 Days 11 Nights** is one hell of a lot hornier. The story this time centres around Michael (Joshua MacDonald), a staid

"Wake up! There are still ten days and ten nights left!"

Want some Samples and a Pat? We don't blame you

A combined 90 inches of mighty melons bouncing across America

Bounce Out: *Your chance to see*

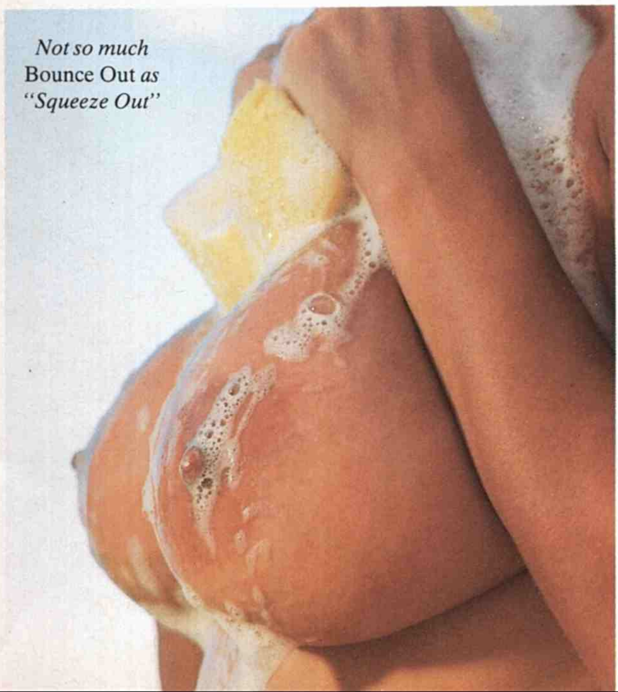
"I really don't know if I can last another two days and two nights . . ."

young chap who is about to marry prim and proper Helen (Mary Sellers) and settle down to a life of masturbatory bliss. But one day, on his way home from his boring job he is accosted by the beautiful Sarah (Jessica Moore), who whips open her raincoat to reveal very little underneath – who said it was only dirty old men who did that?

Now our hero may be a bit backward, but a decade of punishing percy in the palm has prepared him for the basics. So, quick as a flasher, Michael whips out his John Thomas and gives the girl what we in the adult movie trade call a good seeing-to.

Getting in some practice for the real thing in Bounce Out

people making tits of themselves



Not so much Bounce Out *as "Squeeze Out"*

It's the first knee trembler he has ever had, and he suddenly realizes what he has been missing in life (splinters in the bum, scuffed knees etc). But then Sarah vanishes and leaves him holding his briefcase (don't anticipate like that!) and a bit unsure of what to do next. He finally decides to go and try out his new-found prowess on his girlfriend, but she is not in the slightest bit interested. "You're not getting any until we're married," is her way of thinking. Poor lad – all he wants is something on the slate to tide him over.

Still, there's only 12 days left until Michael walks down the aisle, as he is quick to point out to the sexy Sarah when she suddenly turns up to flaunt her considerable charms once more. "Give me 11 days and 11 nights then," she whispers, explaining that he is research material for a book she is doing entitled *Sarah and Her One Hundred Men* (saying that this girl likes to put it about a bit is an understatement akin to suggesting Paul Getty had a bit of money put by in the building society!). Michael knows he should give her the Spanish Archer (El Bow to you), but by this time she's dropped her drawers once more and he's in so deep that he'd need a miner's helmet to find his way out.

They retire to Sarah's apartment and there then follows a passionate affair that makes *Last Tango In Paris* look like a pensioners' tea dance, as Mike and Sarah try every position known to man, and a few known only to the animal kingdom. He polishes her tonsils; she shows him what she had for lunch; he dresses up in black lingerie and puts on make-up; she rubs honey all over him and licks it off. After 11 days of this our hero has had enough, and so probably has the cleaning lady. But Sarah has become much more involved than she planned.

Capably directed by Joe D'Amato (better known to his Italian friends as Aristide Massaccesi) *11 Days 11 Nights* is a horny tale of obsession with a satisfying amount of erotic content, and the lovely Jessica Moore can flash in my direction whenever she wants.

Finally, those in search of something a little more serious might like to see **Working Girls**, a spicy little number from acclaimed feminist director Lizzie Borden which examines an average day in a Manhattan brothel run by Yuppie madam Ella McElduff (a marvellously loathsome performance). In and out of this strangely middle class establishment trot a variety of weird "tricks", including the guy who gets off by being vigorously spanked with a ping pong bat and the bizarre "Fantasy Fred" who pretends he's a doctor curing his obliging hostess of blindness by a somewhat unorthodox method. In between times the girls talk about life ("I've never been unfaithful to my boyfriend," says one) and how they've managed to put one over on their clients: we see one girl giving a blissfully ignorant customer a "round the world" using her finger instead of her tongue . . .

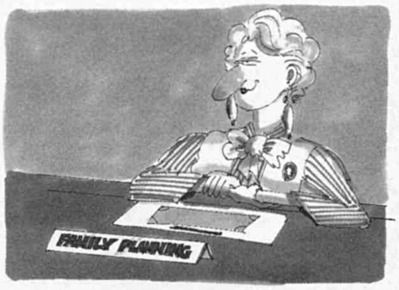
On the surface it seems like a strange movie for a feminist filmmaker to have come up with, but after watching it for a while you can see the attraction. The girls aren't exploited by the men, but by their greedy employer. It's a film about sex that really isn't at all sexy. But it *is* educational, enlightening, refreshingly unmoralistic and often extremely funny. And I'll bet Cynthia Payne loved it . . . ♣

Bouncing In The U.S.A. *and* ***Bounce Out*** *are available from Bounce Promotions, Office 5, 551 Pinner Road, North Harrow, Middlesex HA2 6EQ.*

11 Days 11 Nights *is on Avatar Video.*

Working Girls *is on Palace Video.*

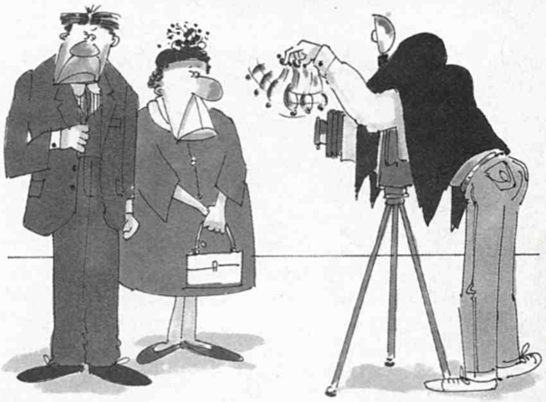
GO, JOHNNY, GO!

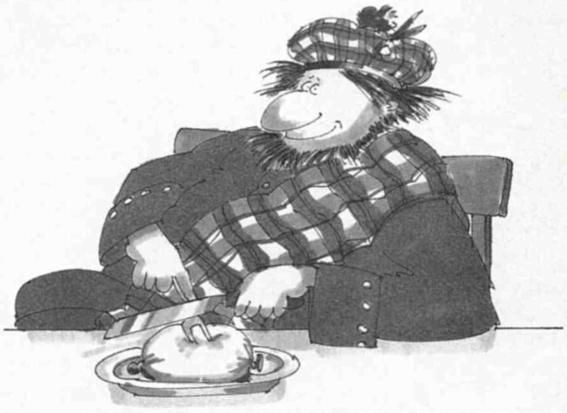


What do you mean you didn't know there's more than one thing you can do with a condom? Yes, that's right – you're no longer restricted to using them just for balloons at the office Xmas bash!

And more than a ton of the most obvious, everyday uses (three of which you see here) are included in *101 Uses of a Condom* (Grub Street, £2.95) by Russell Jones, clever chappie that he is.

If you fancy trying out a couple of the book's ideas for yourselves, just make sure the rubbers aren't used ones, okay, lads?





PHOTOGRAPHED BY
Nikki

NIKKI DOWNEY is probably THE model to emerge from the 80s. Her face – and most of the rest of her – are certainly pleasingly familiar to readers of this organ. But there's a side to Nikki that no one's seen before. Until now. We've snapped (no excuses for the pun) her up to show us her skills as a glamour photographer, and to give us the inside info on what *really* goes on at a Club International picture shoot. Look and learn . . .

Hi, guys! Welcome along to another steamy photo session in the hottest studio in London – and I'm not talking about the temperature, either . . .

This month I'm going to be focusing in on Lucy, who's always fantasised about being a ballet dancer: I think it's because she has a thing about hunky muscle men in crotch-bulging tights. Well, they do say that dancers have legs like rubber – they bend wherever you want them to go, and they never split. If my experience of lust-crazed males is anything to go by (and I think it might be), no doubt many of you like your women to have exactly the same attributes.

I decided to go some of the way towards fulfilling Lucy's fantasy by arranging to do a pretty ballet set. I know you'll want all the filthy details, so I'll start right at the beginning.

It was a Wednesday morning when I woke up at the unearthly hour of seven o'clock (God, it's tough being a trooper!). I slipped out of my warm silk sheets and plunged into an extremely hot, steamy, wet – wait for it – bath. Well, what else would I plunge myself into . . .?

I immersed myself totally in the water, lay back and soaped my body. I'd have loved to have laid there for ages, just relaxing and maybe playing with myself (I love climaxing in the bath), but time was short this morning. I jumped out, wiping the bubbles from my privates before getting dressed. I felt really rather lively after my dip, so I picked out an outfit to match my mood – a bright yellow figure-hugging kit.

Well, I did mention last time how I find it easier to get into the swing of things if I'm dressed accordingly.

At the studio, I made myself a cuppa while I waited for the crew to arrive. First to turn up was Alex – a bit too over-eager to start for my liking. His keenness must have been brought about by his antics with Jo on the last shoot. I ribbed him about

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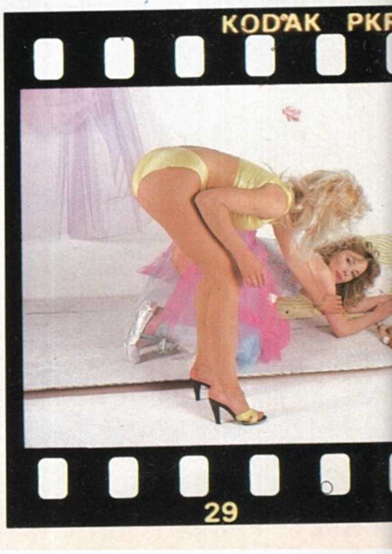
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it, which didn't half make him blush. He muttered, as he set up the lights, that he knew he'd get a bit of harassment from the rest of us, but that it was more than worth it. Knowing Jo as I do, I can well understand that.

Next to arrive was Heather, the make-up girl. Ever the professional (!), I showed her some pics of Lucy and told her the exact type of make-up that would be most likely to have you guys sporting throbbing hard-ons. That's what it's all about, after all.

Good old Salvatorie was the last to arrive. If you remember, he's the rather shy individual whose pants I wouldn't mind getting into. I asked him to make us a drink while we waited for Lucy. I mentioned to everyone that this would be her first-ever shoot. "Don't overwhelm the girl until she *wants* to be overwhelmed," was my advice.

When she arrived, Lucy stepped quite timidly into the studio. However, we were later to find out there was nothing at all timid about this girl. Quite the opposite, in fact.

Heather got stuck in with the make-up, and it wasn't long before

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we were ready to roll. The last thing left to do was to attend to Lucy, which I personally took charge of (a pleasant task, I must admit).

I dressed her in a baby blue lace body-stocking, followed by the violet sussie belt. I rolled the stockings up her soft, white legs, and then wrapped the tutu (made with my own fair hands, even!) around her delicate waist, and finished off with a grey satin ribbon. As I wound the straps of the ballet slippers around her ankles, I could feel her trembling slightly. I began to wonder if her nervousness would show up in the pictures.

I led Lucy over to the set and placed her in her first tantalizing pose. I told her to relax and to take things as slowly as she wanted. After I'd taken the first few shots, the strangest thing happened: Lucy's attitude changed completely – for the better. She was teasing the camera, and loving it! Alex and Salvatorie weren't complaining either; they couldn't believe their eyes (which were popping out of their sockets). Far from being shy, we had a real randy specimen on our hands. There was just no holding her back, and we had to be pretty bloody quick with the cameras to catch the horny poses she was going through.

Bewildered (but delighted), I asked Lucy why there had been the sudden transformation. She explained she hadn't realized the shoot would be so incredibly erotic. She said: "I just suddenly thought of all those blokes looking at my body, and it made me go off my head. My pussy started to tingle, and I really felt like I wanted to perform." And perform she certainly did!

At the end of the shoot, Lucy

asked for a tissue to wipe her snatch, as she was dribbling quite a bit! It was proof – if proof were needed – that she was every bit as aroused as she said she was. All this was too much for poor Salvatorie, and we had to stifle our laughter when he stammered out that he had to go and make an important phone call. I've no idea how important it was, but it went on for quite a while. When he came back, he was looking somewhat flushed.

The thought of Salvatorie playing with his telephone – as he seems to call it – sent Lucy over the edge. She took hold of Alex, and the pair of them went off to the dressing room.

I turned to Salvatorie, who looked at me rather guiltily. I smiled at him and told him not to worry – there's nothing wrong with a damn good relieving "telephone call" now and again. I only wish the bastard had given me the chance – I'd have gladly dialled the number for him.

So it was left for me to mosey on back home to slide between my silk sheets and have a heated night of passion with my vibrator and a carton of strawberry yoghurt (if you want to know what *that's* for, use your imagination).

And that, chaps, is the story of another shoot. Write and tell me what you think, and what you'd like to see on my pages. In the meantime, happy telephoning!

Nikki

Johnny Com

Lash my lingham! Crush my cobblers! It can't be true! ***Tym Manley*** *has found a real use for condoms! Fill them with water and throw them at people!*

It's pac-a-mac time for pricks again. Along with the revivals of 50s music, 50s films and 50s TV (or does it just *seem* like that?), the 80s have seen the return of the genuine *feel* of the 50s. The johnnies come marching home!

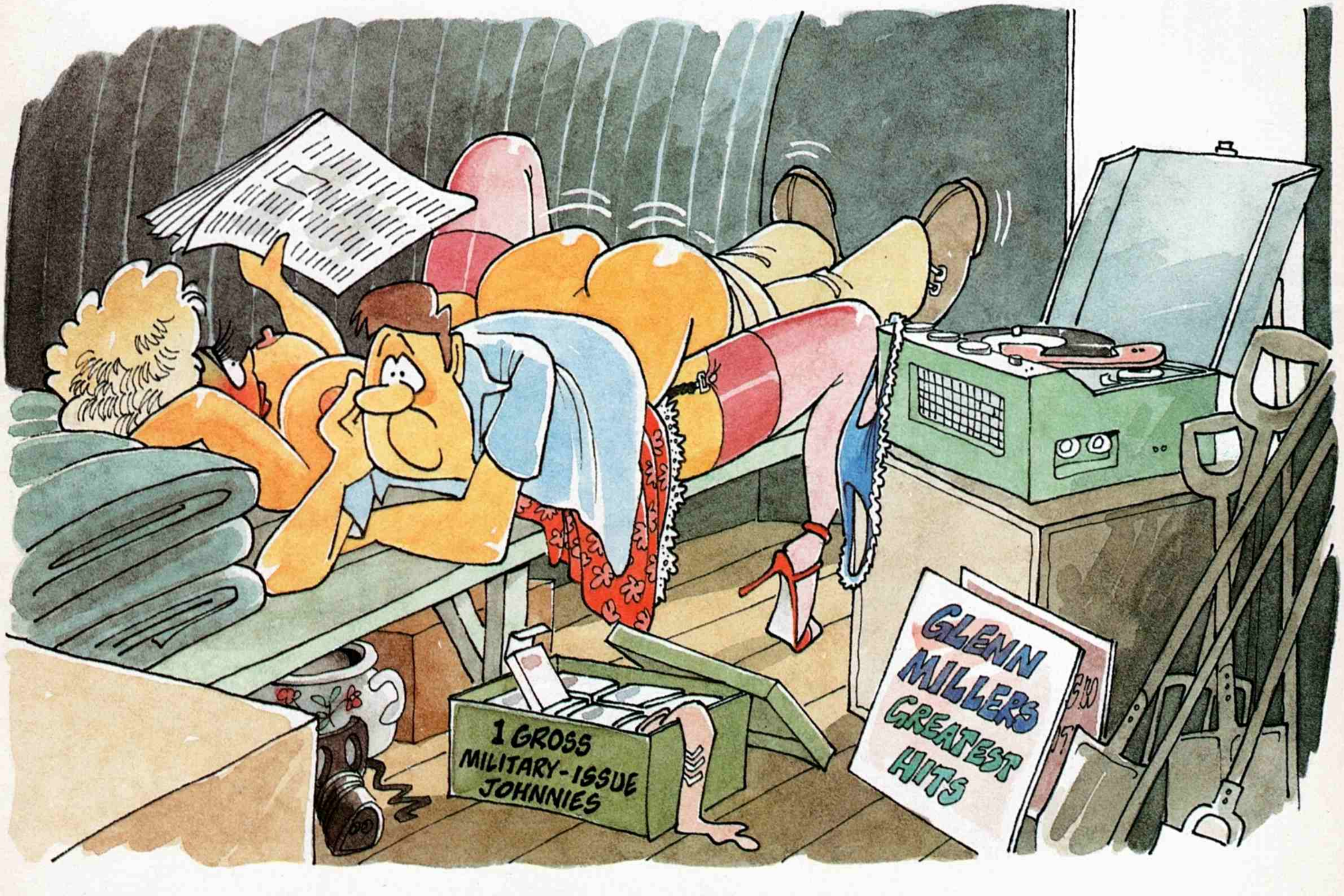
And it's not just the feel. The *scent* of a freshly-opened condom brings back many remembrances of things past.

Ah! Sensitol!

The sound of Elvis, the smell of Brylcreem, the feeling that everything is rationed (particularly nookie); it all comes pouring back, and not only to the boring old fart. For young people, too, the condom is the height of fashion.

Yuppies spew them from their credit card organizers as they pay their expense-account lunches – with a practised flick of the wrist. Trendies wear the glittering foil packets as earrings, rock stars show how they are currently worn on TV, and top Virgin Richard Branson has launched his own brand. Why, he's even crossed the Atlantic (well, almost) in the swaying basket of his latest balloon – a huge helium-inflated condom!

Sheaths are fashionable all right, but are they "in"? The answer, I fear, is *not* as often as we'd like! This is because a mixture of feminism, fashion and the fact that they are appalled by the sight of condoms means the girls aren't so keen on the horizontal position as they once were. Add to that a nasty attack of acne, and some of us aren't getting a lot these days (can't understand why! I mean, acne keeps you looking *young!*). And, yes, I am speaking



"Discover what fun sex can be when you can't feel a thing!"

e Lately

for myself, thank you.

And if you add the fact you have to keep buying them to look macho and trendy, to the sad truth that you aren't going to *use* an awful lot, you're going to have to face the fact you might have dozens left over to play with. So here are the latest ideas for fun with condoms. Most of them have nothing to do with bonking. Naturally. For bonking in a condom is no fun at all!

NOSTALGIA

For the true return to the feel of the 50s, these modern, lubricated, knobbly, toy condoms just will *not* do. You need the ⅜-inch thick military-issue condom of yore (yore who? Your grandad, of course. Which goes to show they're not very reliable either, right?). Military-issue condoms are available from Army Surplus stores or from specialist boutiques such as: The All Clear (Chelsea) and The Siegfried Line (Battersea).

Take your permed loved one into the air-raid shelter, push up her new-look dress, haul the directoires down over the suspenders and enjoy real nostalgic sex to the sound of Glenn Miller!

- Discover what fun sex can be when you can't feel a thing!
- Enjoy freedom from premature ejaculation – or any ejaculation at all.
- Understand why "old soldiers never cum, they just wear themselves away"
- Banish sexual guilt. After all, why feel guilty? You didn't enjoy it!
- Feel like Errol Flynn as you struggle to fit snow chains to your car in mid-summer – to unbog yourself from the mounds of slippery condoms down Lovers' Lane.
- Understand at last why grandad thought he'd ride bareback and risk it! That was fun, wasn't it?

CONDOMS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

Find the condom machine in your busiest local pub and empty it one Saturday night.

Then you can either go on your way, smug in the knowledge that no one else is getting any, either. Or you can hang around the bog flogging the packs to desperate studs hot from making a surprise pull. At *twice* the price, natch.

Don't be ashamed of this. You are entering into the spirit of today's enterprise culture. Hell, the government will probably bung you a grant to get you started!

Another thing: the rich Yuppie desperately needs an organizer for his condoms. Get rich. Invent one. You know, something in organic yak hide, personalized with up to three gold-leaf initials. With compartments for condoms for each girl in his life.

Her favourite colour and profile. And separate pads to record her fave positions, kinks and (very important) her name. Call it the Filofux!

Yuppies will buy these, all right. They don't need them, you understand, but they like to pretend they can still get it yup!

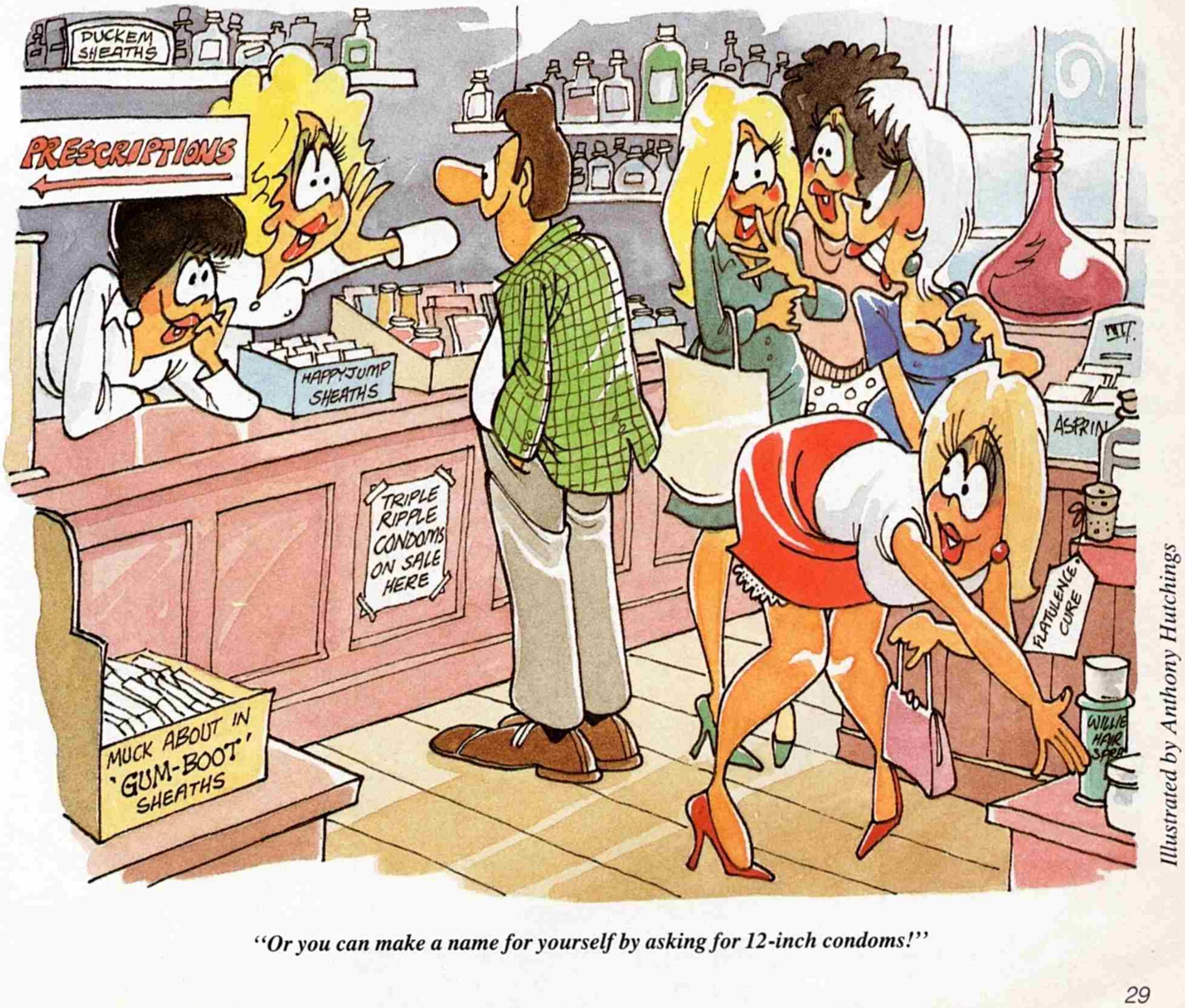
Or you could just hire a tow truck and hang around Lovers' Lane, waiting for revving engines and the sound of used condoms flupping through the trees to tell you another guy will gladly part with a fiver to haul him out of the jism.

FUN WITH CHEMISTS

Was a time when the condom buyer shuffled blushing into the chemist's, stutteringly requesting to be served by a gentleman.

Not today. Today one *insists* on being served by a woman. And a pretty, young one at that. Lots of fun can be had buying condoms from a sexpot (now *there's* a 50s word come back with the johnny!).

Tell her you're buying a present for your girlfriend. Ask if she'd mind giving you some advice. Make as though to head for the toiletries, then turn back and ask: "What sort of condom do you like best, luv? The black ones, or the nobbly sort that flip your clit?"


DUCKEM SHEATHS
PRESCRIPTIONS
HAPPYJUMP SHEATHS
TRIPLE RIPPLE CONDOMS ON SALE HERE
MUCK ABOUT IN 'GUM-BOOT' SHEATHS
ASPRIN
FLATULENCE CURE

"Or you can make a name for yourself by asking for 12-inch condoms!"

Illustrated by Anthony Hutchings

Some girls blush, some giggle. The averagely witty ones have an answer like: "Are you sure you *need* a condom? You look more the appliance type to me." But it all adds to the fun of condoms.

Or you can make a name for yourself by asking for 12-inch condoms! You *can* get these and, should you have trouble finding them, I will gladly supply the name of my *own* supplier – on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

It is also fun to ask her for a private fitting. Just so long as you can run averagely quick – otherwise you'll get one. A private fitting of her toecap into your arsehole.

Careful – you might like it!

SHEATH CHIC

Wearing a wrapped protective as a piece of personal jewellery is all the rage. They make super earrings, lovely tie-pins and beautiful badges.

Wearing a condom makes a statement. It says you are sexually active, available and a caring, thoughtful, human being. But be careful how you wear it. Sticking the pin right through the middle does tend to decrease the confidence a girl might otherwise have in you.

Latex laughs: Half-inflate a dozen condoms and tie at the neck. By twisting and tying you can make fun models – and not only of dachshunds. A full-size Nigel Lawson is a real possibility, shiny cheeks, wobbly jowls and all. Although condoms work best for models of politicians, other slippery customers come across pretty well, too.

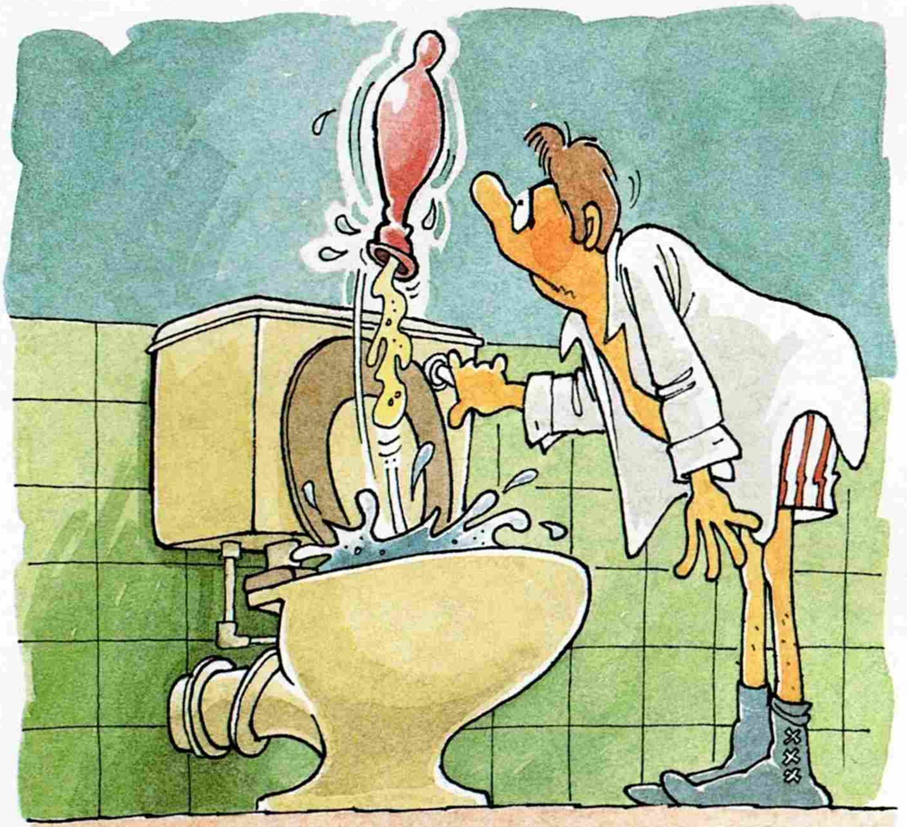
Divert a Virgin: A gross of cheap protectives, inflated with helium and painted with aluminium paint, do away with irritating aircraft noise when released into the approach path of an airport runway.

The dirty, great radar blob will have the Virgin Atlantic Flight diverted to Luton. And Richard can't really complain. He's been given his own back!

Practical Pack: It's great fun to slip a pack of three – with one missing – into a mate's pocket for his girl to find (if you put it in his wallet next to the money, she's *sure* to find it). How you'll laugh together as he tells you how he tried to talk his way out of that one – and how pretty the nurses are in the casualty ward.

But do take care. An empty pack may cost you less, but it'll get him into deep trouble. I mean, his girl's only getting it once a month, but no sooner does he find some floozy than it's three times a night!

Bubble Off: Nothing bores the randy college student more than being lectured about sex by some old maid. Nothing but sex lessons these days, I'm told. And each lesson always harps on the importance of using a sheath. To end protective tedium, simply secrete a condom in the mouth and, at the appropriate time, blow it out like a bubble gum. The lecturer will get the message (no she won't, she'll start again, convinced you *still* haven't twigged how to put them on).



"It's a problem. They will not flush away . . ."

Money poke: The best use for that old protective that's been flapping around in your pocket for months is to keep those pound coins safe. Tender your rent wrapped in used condoms. Bet your landlord won't take it! Would you?

Rubber Roll-on: The young man without experience often practises rolling the condom on using some stiff penis-substitute – like the grips of his dad's golf clubs. It is sensible, just so long as he remembers to remove them. Nothing is more calculated to make the old man look a prat than dragging out his driver with a flourish only to find it trails a pink teat.

Worse, though, if he doesn't notice! That way, the driver slips out of his hands and follows the ball until it descends and brains the Club Secretary while he's making it with his mistress in a bunker. Have to blast his head out of the gravel with a sand wedge!

Rubberette: All this, of course, is everyday stuff compared to the greatest condom joke of the century. This was invented by a gentleman of Baghdad who was infuriated by a shockingly noisy minarette outside his bedroom window. The call to prayers came over so amplified, it literally bounced him out of bed.

So he had a large condom made and hired builders to slip it over the minarette, muezzin and all, to muffle things a bit.

It worked quite well. And the joke would have been enjoyed enormously if it wasn't for the Iranians thinking it was a Pershing 2, taking the whole thing out.

Including the jester's house.

LAST LAUGH

Brushing hastily over the sexual use of the condom – a painful subject since the acne, you understand – we come to the great fun that can be had disposing of the used item. That is if, having fallen asleep on the job, you've actually *found* the sodding thing.

It's a problem. They will not flush away. I know people talk of peeing them off – filling them up until they slide off, hit the bend just right, and whirl round to the sea like a dolphin after fish. But it don't work. They stick to your prick, swing bulbously and hit the edge of the pan, then burst everywhere and make your socks squelchy. And serves you right for wearing socks in bed.

Others swear by the elastic flick, and claim they can send them through two inches of open sash on to the helmet of the policeman beneath.

But it's tricky. And this can lead to disaster. I mean, her husband may not be jealous, but he won't welcome the sight of six johnnies pasted around his bedroom window. Not when he can't even manage once these days.

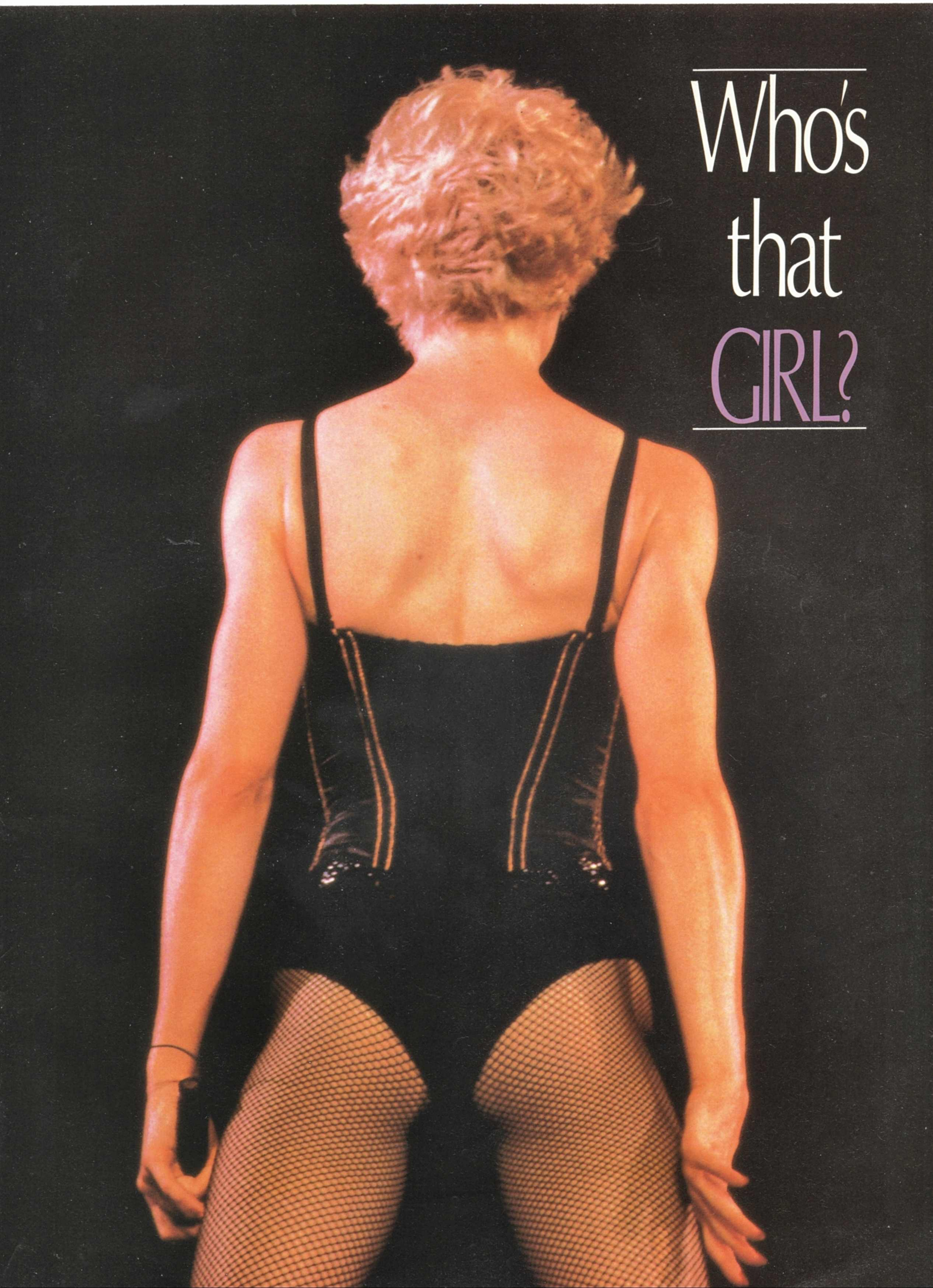
No, far funnier to save them for a sunny day, then walk around the neighbourhood, flipping them through the open bedroom windows of your neighbours and friends. And wait for the fun to start!

By far the greatest coup of this kind was scored by Ivan Illych, the famed condom cognoscente who rubbered every room of the local convent.

But I have had just as much amusement at Roedean.

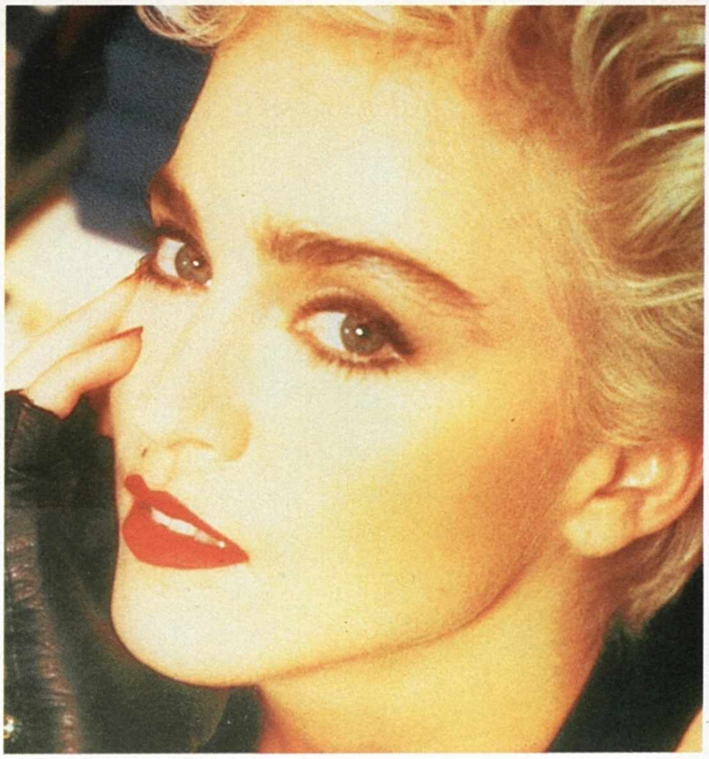
On Parents' Day. ♣

Who's that GIRL?



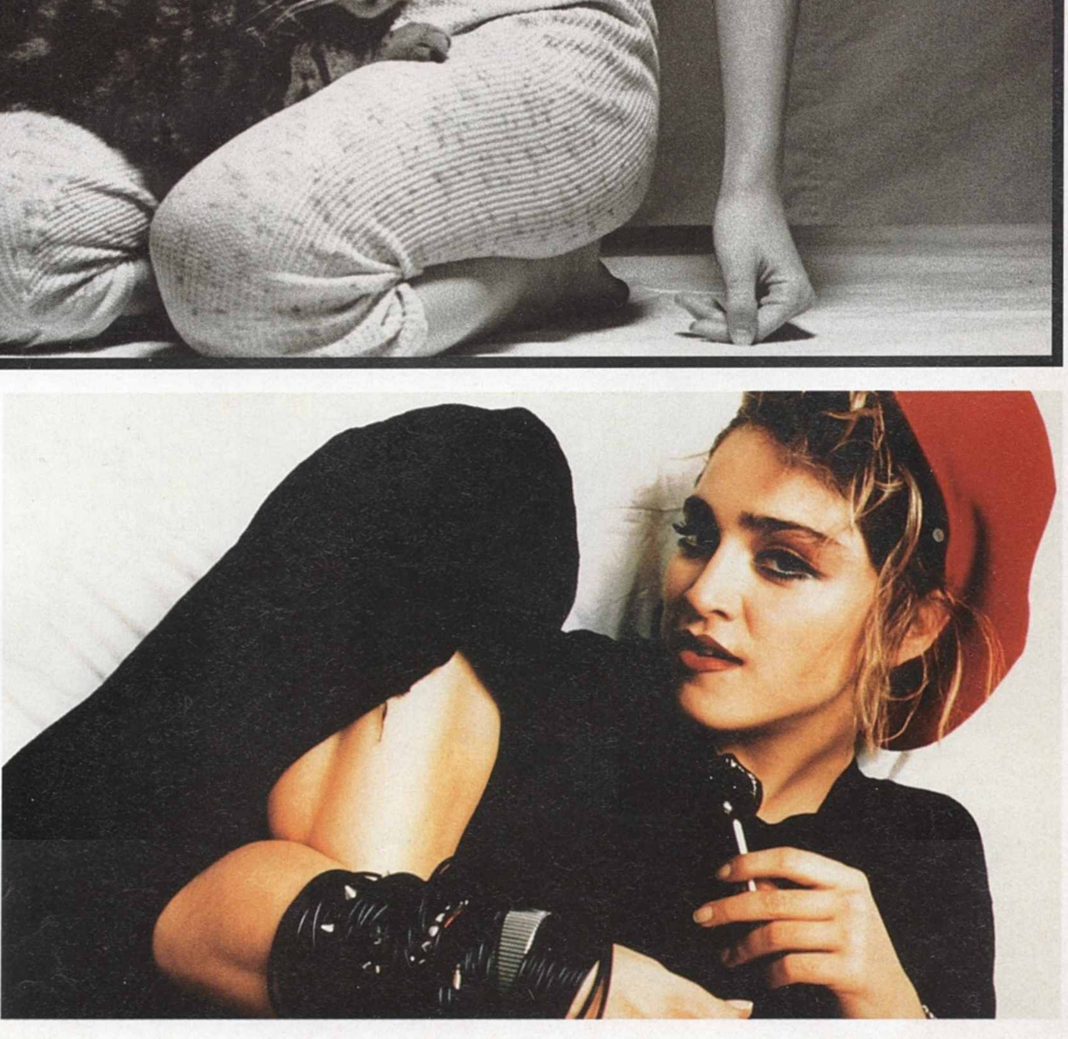
MADONNA

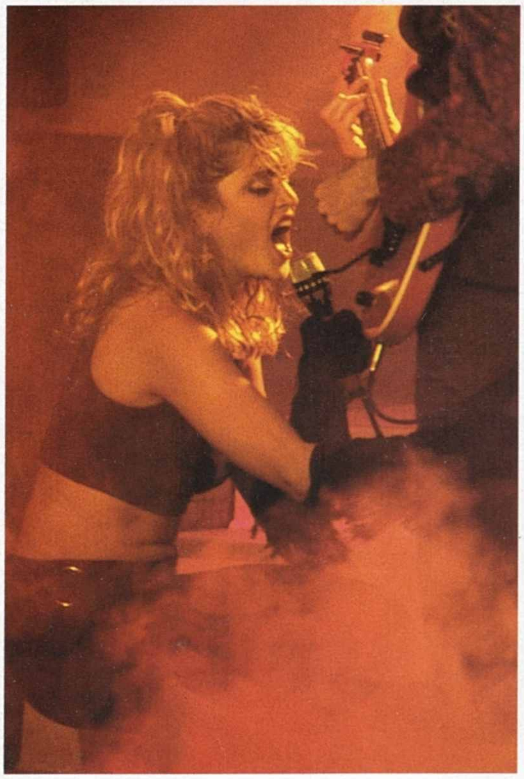
Photographs by Martin H Schreiber

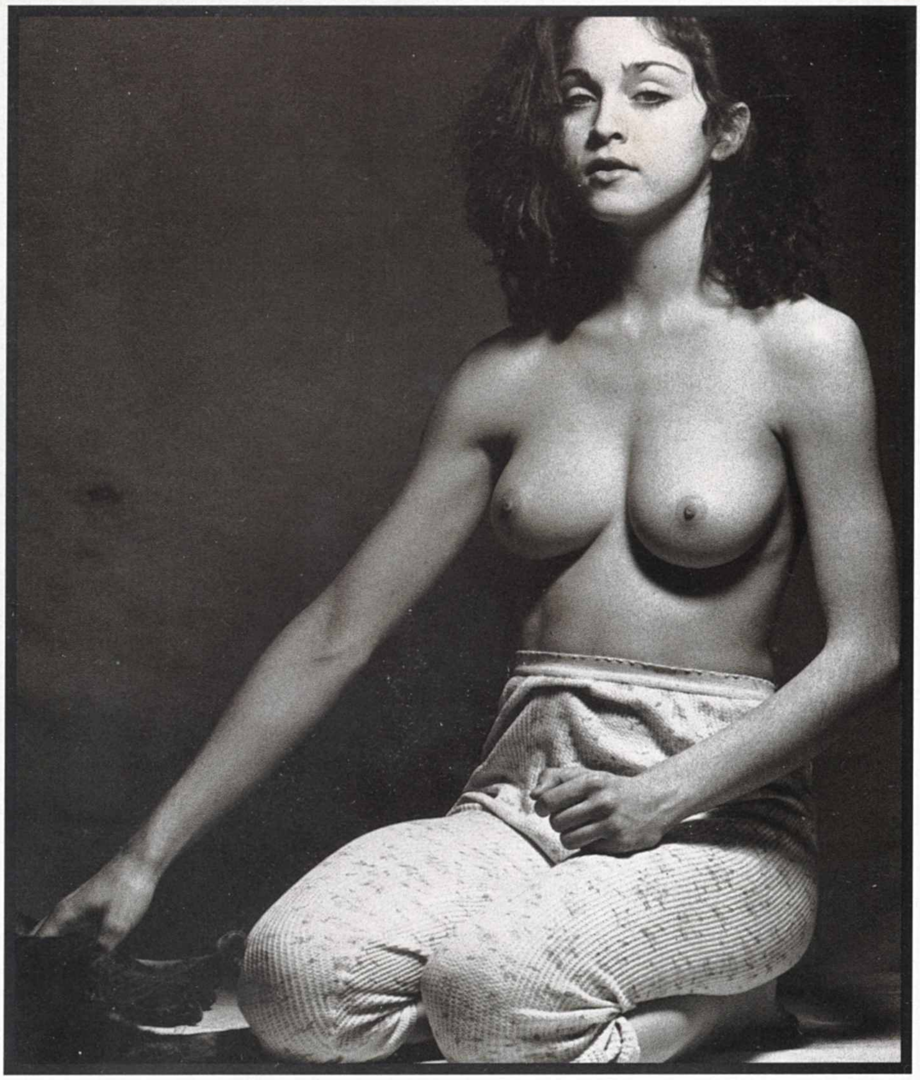


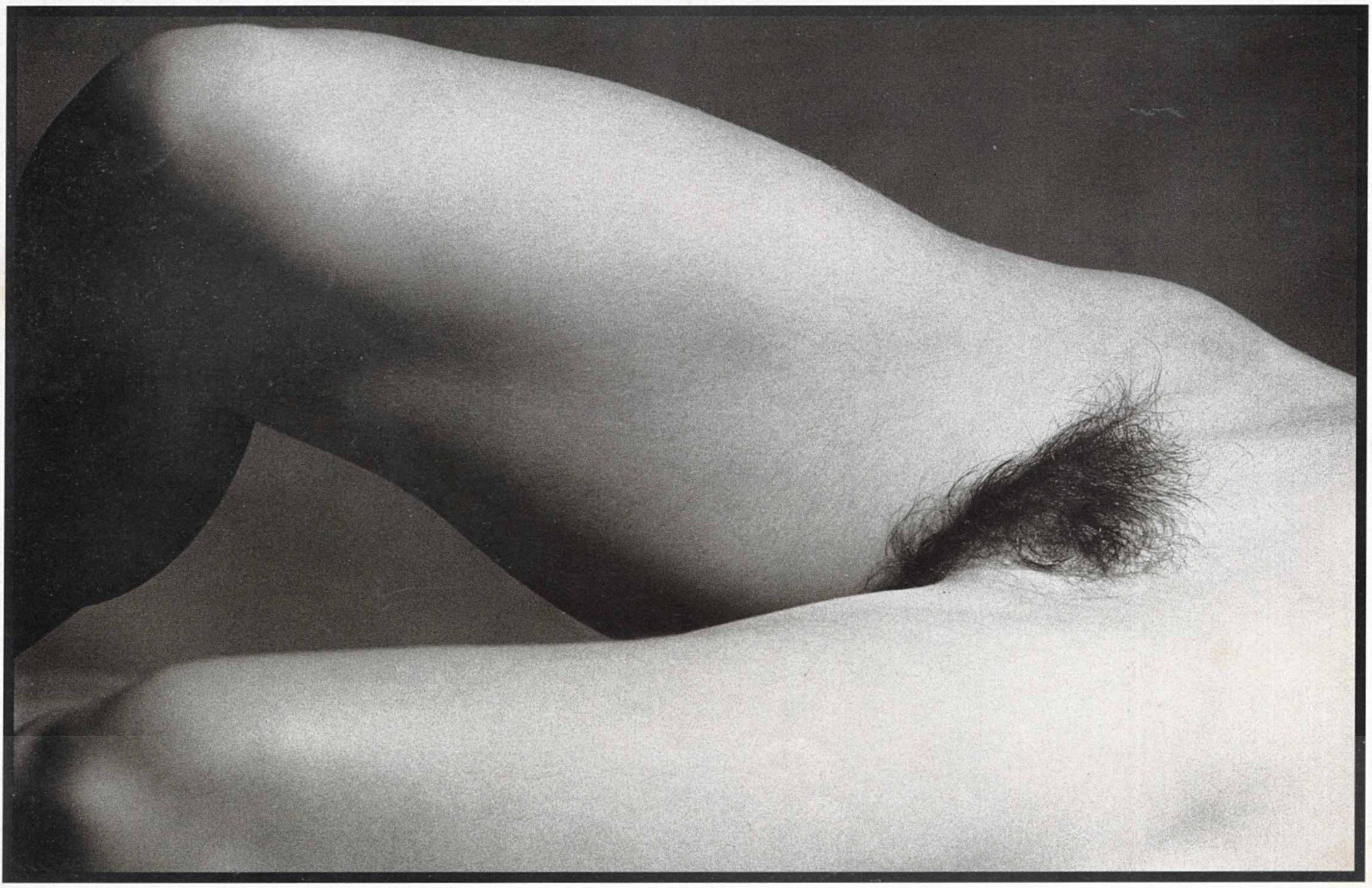
This girl is called Madonna Louise Ciccone. She comes from Bay City, Michigan, the eldest daughter of a family of six. She celebrated her 28th birthday in August. She is the biggest pop star in the world.

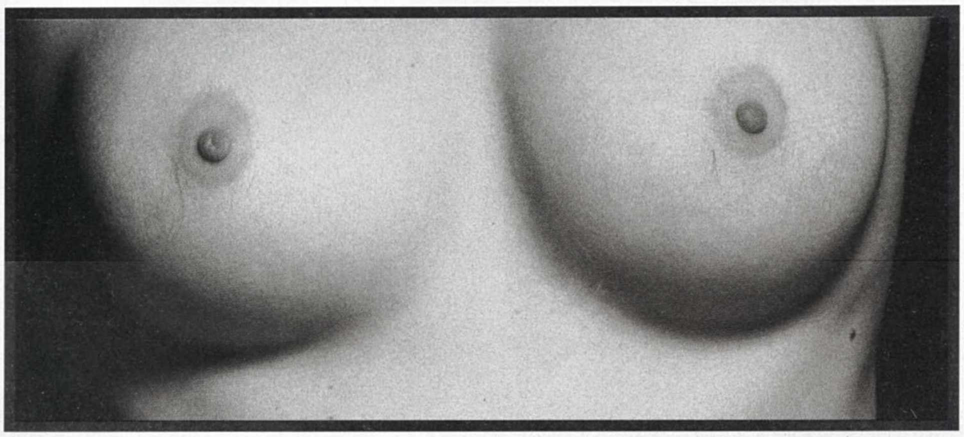
Every man has dreamed of seeing Madonna nude. Now our dream has come true.





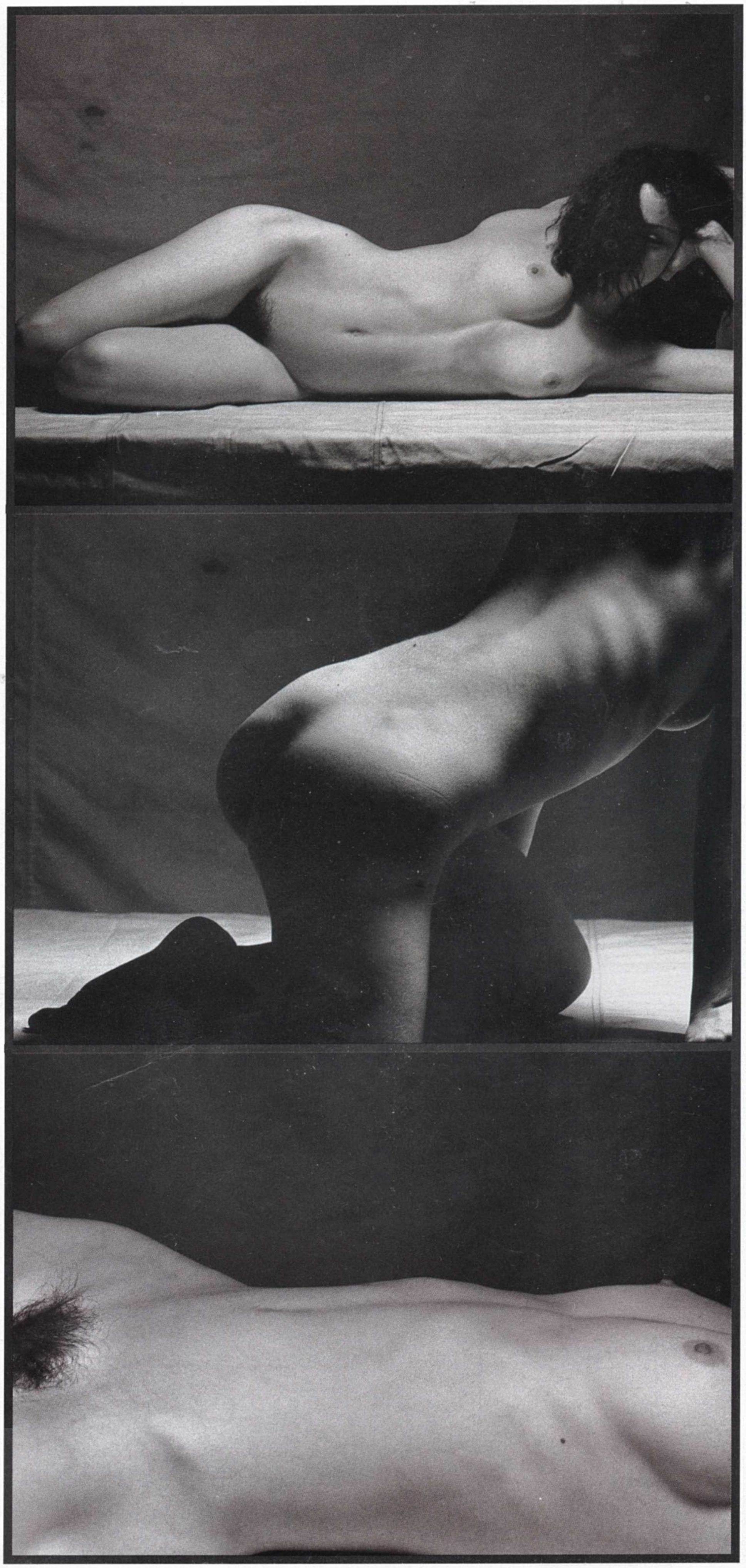






Right now she is probably the most successful female singer the world has ever known. But it was a very different Madonna who stepped into photographer Martin Schreiber's chilly studio back in February 1979 to model for these photographs.

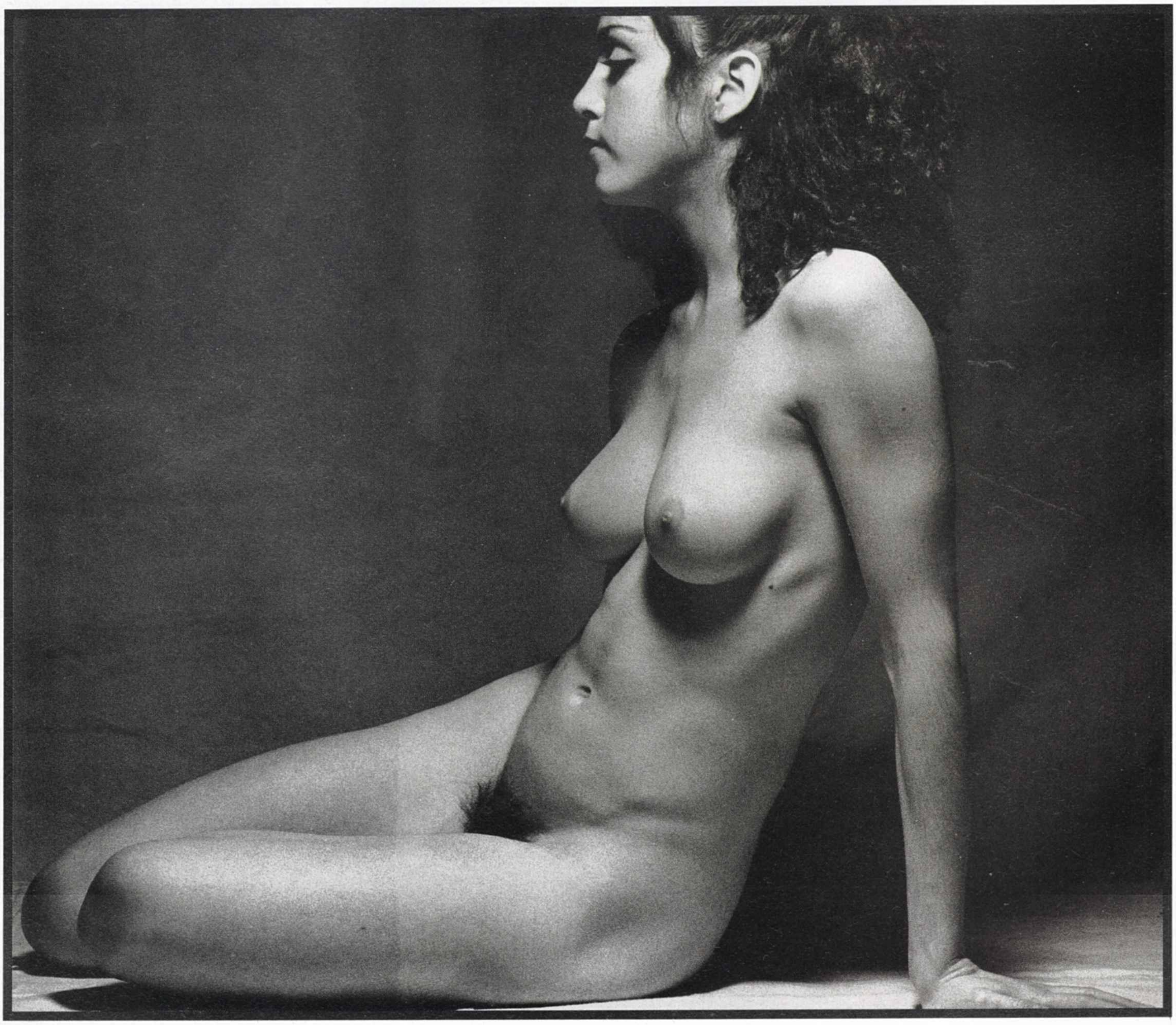
Massive success, money, the lust of nearly every man in the Western world – they were things she would have to wait for. Even then, though, Madonna had the personality and the body which marked her out as different, special. Schreiber noticed it. "She was an excellent model," he says. "But there was a certain hardness about her, an edge that wouldn't allow anything to stand in her way. She had her own mind and

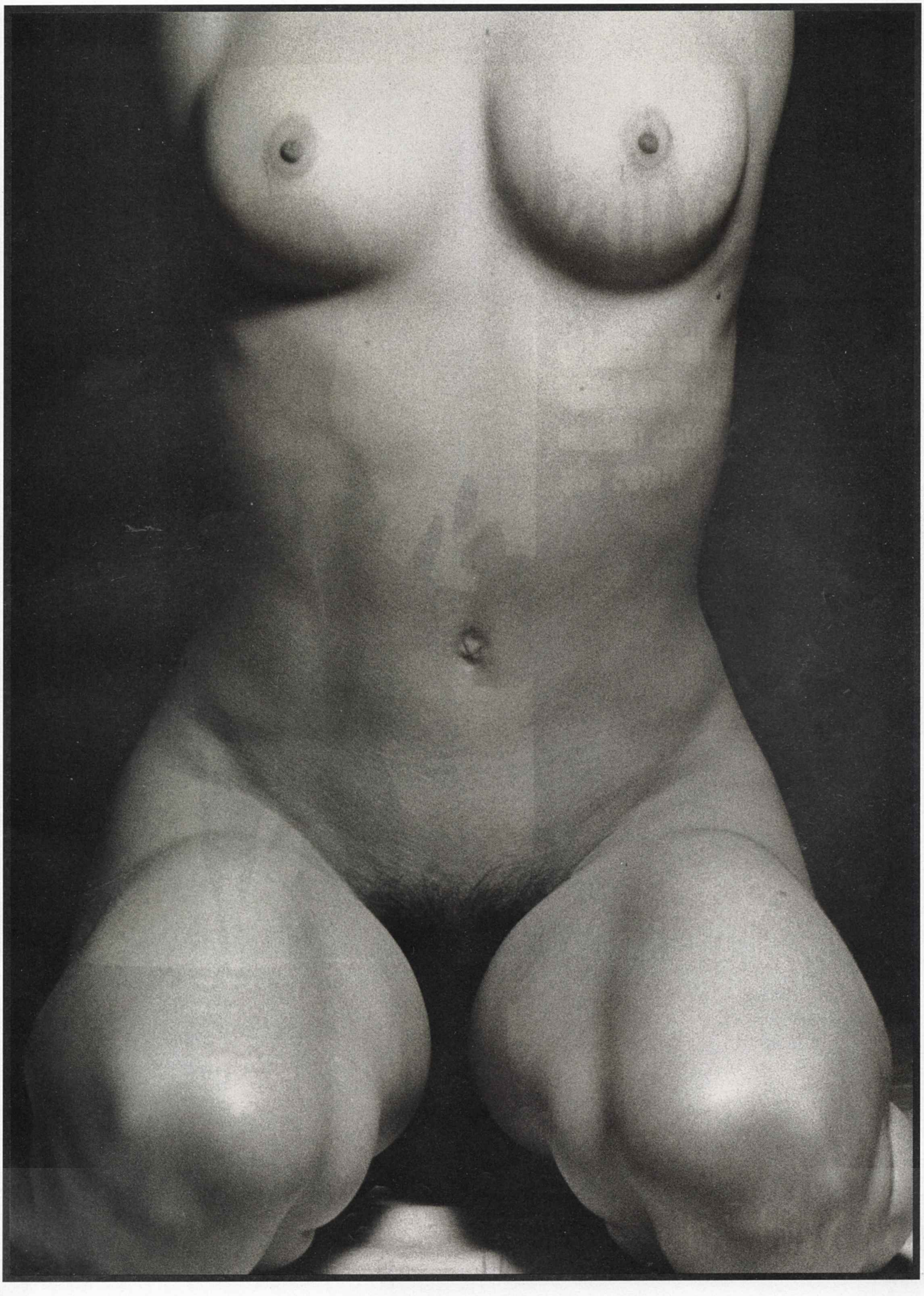


knew what she wanted, but she had no bank account and was living with friends in the East Village, dancing jazz and ballet and modelling to make money."

Like all Schreiber's other models, Madonna was paid only $30 for her session – less than £20. She posed twice for him and his students, lying on canvas between two heaters. "It was cold in my studio," Schreiber says, "but she was laughing, having a good time. There was no hesitation on her part. I was fascinated by her."

The reasons for that fascination are obvious. Every time Madonna looks at a lens, she seems to be looking right at *you*. Her eyes say *sex*. She says she wants you. And you, if you are human and male, lap it up. She's used that appeal to get to the top. Yes, she's a great dancer; yes, she sings beautifully; yes, she's no mean songwriter either. But the real reason she dominates the entertainment world lies in the face and figure you see revealed here. *Like A Virgin*? Perhaps. *True Blue*? Definitely. ♣





HOLLYWOOD BLUES

The world's film capital is crumbling, and actor James Woods reckons he knows why.

Above: James Woods

James Woods is angry. After 15 years' hard labour in Hollywood he's still not reached the megastar status he wants.

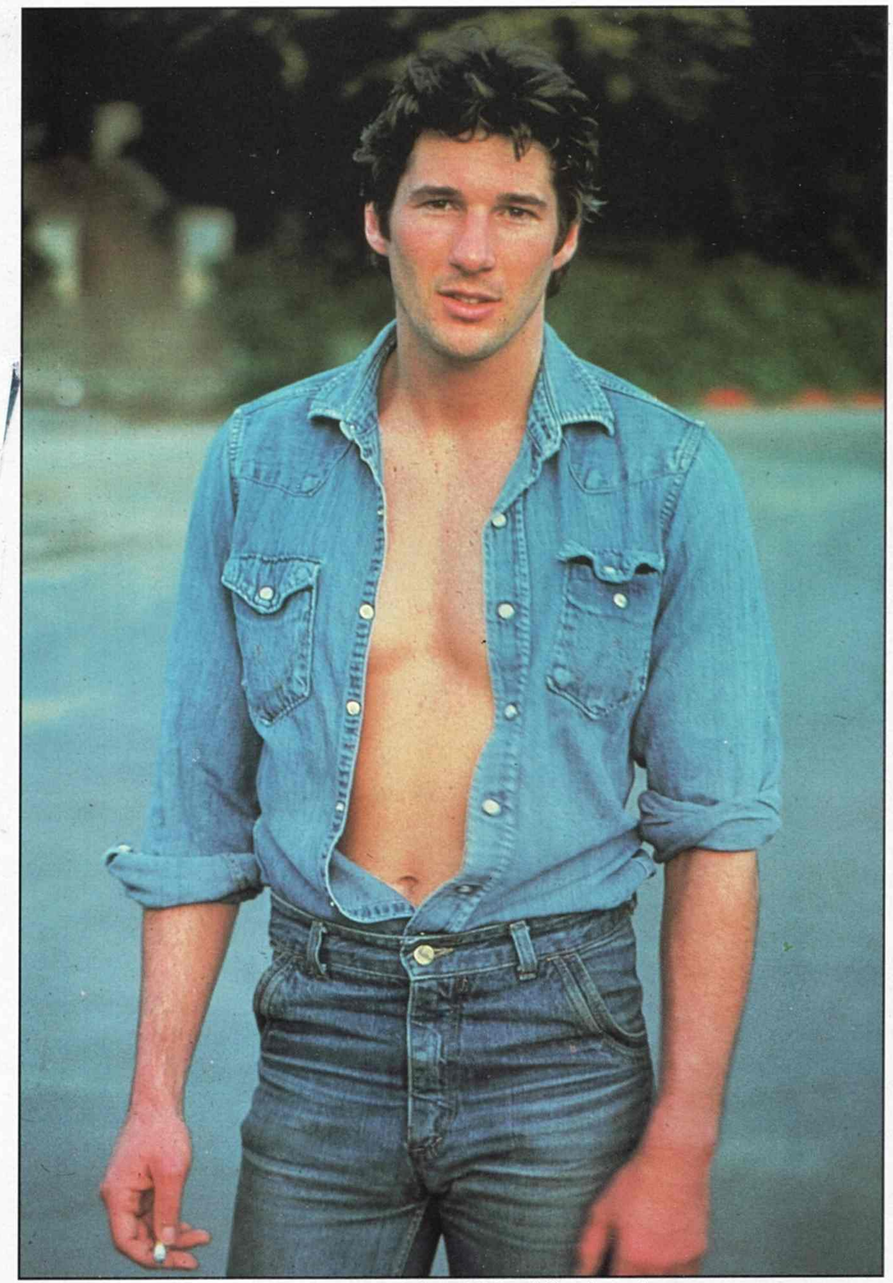
The public recognizes the tough, bad boy actor from *Against All Odds, Videodrome, The Onion Field* and *Once Upon A Time In America*. The closest the Hollywood establishment has come to recognizing Woods' genius is an Oscar nomination – failed – for his stunning performance in *Salvador*. It's not enough. And Woods is a man to hold grudges.

Hollywood employs Woods on a regular basis, because he is simply too good to ignore. But Hollywood also fears him. And for good reason; he HATES Hollywood and everything it stands for, and that includes all film producers. He also doesn't hesitate to say why. Here is an actor in the class of Brando, De Niro and Dustin Hoffman – but with more rage.

It is generally feared that should James Woods one day actually win an Oscar – as he most probably will – he will take the statuette, walk over to the first producer he can find and hit him over the head with it.

A lot of the aggro seems to be down to his looks. Our James is not Robert Redford by any means. Adolescent acne left its mark; he's cut pretty close to the bone; the deep-set, hollow eyes make him look more like Charles Manson than Casanova. No wonder he's spent his career

By Michael Perry



Above: Richard Gere. Below: Richard Gere's equipment

to date playing mobsters, thugs and cold, callous killers.

Despite Hollywood's tradition that says only beautiful and handsome people can be BIG movie stars (this idea drives Woods into a steaming fury), and his own low opinion of his physical appearance, women do seem to find him singularly attractive. Back in 1979 Manwatchers Inc. cited him one of the ten most watchable men in America and the citation added: "Those intense eyes and soft-spoken voice and sensitive manners are just part of his built-in all-male sex appeal."

Now 39 years old, James still feels the System has shut him out because of his looks. So he hits back, particularly in the Press. When he spoke to Club, our interviewer was astounded at the depth of his bitterness towards the Hollywood hierarchy. Make no mistake – he hates their guts. That's why he's prepared to spill the beans.

Club: After the success of *Salvador*, you starred in *Best Seller*. How did that work out?

Woods: I'm not too bad in it. I think I shoot only 14 people. But . . . I hope it will be my farewell to villainy. I play a bad guy who ends up redeeming himself and it's me saying farewell to bad guys . . . for ever, I hope.

Club: So that means . . . You'd really like to play romantic leads? The kind of romantic lead that usually goes to a Bob Redford, Burt Reynolds or even a Richard Gere?

Woods: Don't throw Richard Gere at me. If I have to look at Gere's penis just one more time in a movie, I'm going to be sick. I always wonder if the crew is thinking: "His penis isn't as cute as it used to be." (Woods lights a cigarette, and adds:) By the way, I like Richard very much personally.

Club: So what is the problem then? Do you feel that you are under-estimated as a . . . ?

Woods: It's not just Richard! It's Hollywood! They don't know what's sexy in Hollywood. At least now we have some women executives who have more humanity. Before, we had a bunch of cigar-chomping, fat, disgusting pigs who used to work in a garment centre, taking over, and they would think: "Let's get some guy who looks like Robert Redford for our movies." So they got guys who look like Robert Redford to star in their movies. They didn't seem to realize that most major stars of the past – Robert Mitchum, Spencer Tracy, Humphrey Bogart – had off-beat appeal. Not blue-eyed, blond walking surfboards! Women say: "We don't want some closet fudge-packer who pretends he's heterosexual to be our image of what a man is." And I agree.

Club: What about today's female stars? What about a star like Jane Fonda?

Woods: Fonda is a total fraud! She put ten million dollars into her husband's political campaign and put his sex organ into hock for the rest of their marriage . . .

Club: You can't stop pushing, can you?

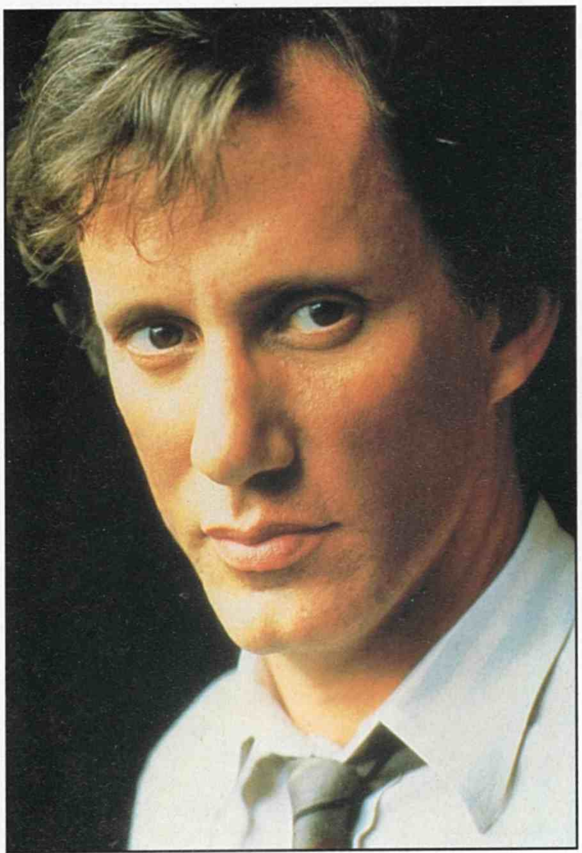
Woods: You can't stop. You're right. I know I don't have the prettiest face. I don't have a lot of connections. I don't have a lot of money and everyone in the business is scared to death of me, anyway, because they're mostly morons and I'm not.

Club: But you get well-paid these days for what you're doing and your roles are getting better and bigger.

Woods: It's taken me 15 years in this cesspool of mediocrity to get to the point where I'm offered some really good roles. But you know something? Not for one moment, since I first started, did I ever doubt I'd be successful.

Club: And you're not so badly-paid, either. Admit it! You are making a lot of

> *"Don't throw Richard Gere at me. If I have to look at his penis one more time in a movie, I'm going to be sick."*



money these days . . .

Woods: I'm so overpaid now that it is sickening! But I plan to be even more overpaid in the future. I want that on record! Yeah . . . just in case anybody has delusions about my big heart. But I don't wear diamond rings. I don't wear a Rolex watch. I don't need a lot of money. So I don't feel deprived of anything. I'm happy to slink around in the underbelly of the industry and find these little nuggets of gold lying underneath the sleeping bear . . .

> *"I wouldn't walk across a Hollywood street to pull one of those executives out of the snow if he was bleeding to death."*

Club: So you still dislike the Hollywood system, the producers, the . . .?

Woods: I hate the place! My attitude is still that I wouldn't walk across a Hollywood street to pull one of those executives out of the snow if he was bleeding to death. Not unless I was paid for it! None of them ever did me any favours . . .

Club: Even if producers don't seem to appreciate your appeal as women do, they still seem to hire you.

Woods: Producers don't see ANYTHING in me! Producers hate me, okay? Producers are assholes. They're schmucks and deal-makers. They know all the tricks of the trade itself. They know how to steal money and they know how to put together packages. They don't care a damn about the kind of thing that I do. My only stock in trade is that I feel one . . . I feel I *am* one of the most talented people of my generation on film.

I may not be the most charismatic. I may not be one of the most successful. I'm not a pretty boy. When they want one of those, they call Richard Gere. But if a role requires that the actor be great or it's going to be a disastrous picture, they call me. As for most producers, they're liars and thieves. They have no value in life. They don't believe in anything.

Club: And you still blame your appearance for not being given romantic leads?

Woods: What was considered good-looking when I grew up were all those little walking surfboards and Barbie dolls. By those standards, I felt hideously ugly. It didn't threaten me, though. I thought, well, I'm intelligent. I have wit. I have some standards I believe in. I never said: "I'm not good-looking, therefore I'm a loser." But I did feel envy. I thought, handsome guys never have a problem. If they have a pimple, it's always under the arm or somewhere like that.

Club: What do you think of acting school as a preparation for actors?

Woods: I went to an acting school once. This guy was teaching. I was onstage. He said: "What are you feeling?" I said: "I feel I'm standing on stage in front of an acting class with you criticising me." He then made me stand in a corner. He said: "You should have been a lawyer instead of an actor because you have no feelings." I said: "Fine."

Club: And then?

Woods: I left. Now he is still back there at the acting school and I'm creating – I hope – worthwhile experiences for people who see whatever play or movie or TV show I'm in. But I still know I am standing in front of a camera in front of a hundred people and crew and I'm just acting a role. I don't have to believe that I am what I'm playing. I just know I am me doing it, but I BELIEVE those words and situations are worth telling.

> *"Having a camera there is like having a six-hundred pound vagina four feet from your face with 'Welcome home, 5th Infantry' tattooed on it."*

I can't stand that Actors' Studio bullshit . . . "You're a tree with a broken branch" and all that crap! I don't act for the camera. I act with the other guy and that's it . . . although you can't ignore it. The camera's like having a six-hundred pound vagina four feet from your face with "Welcome home, 5th Infantry" tattooed on it.

Club: What is your greatest fear?

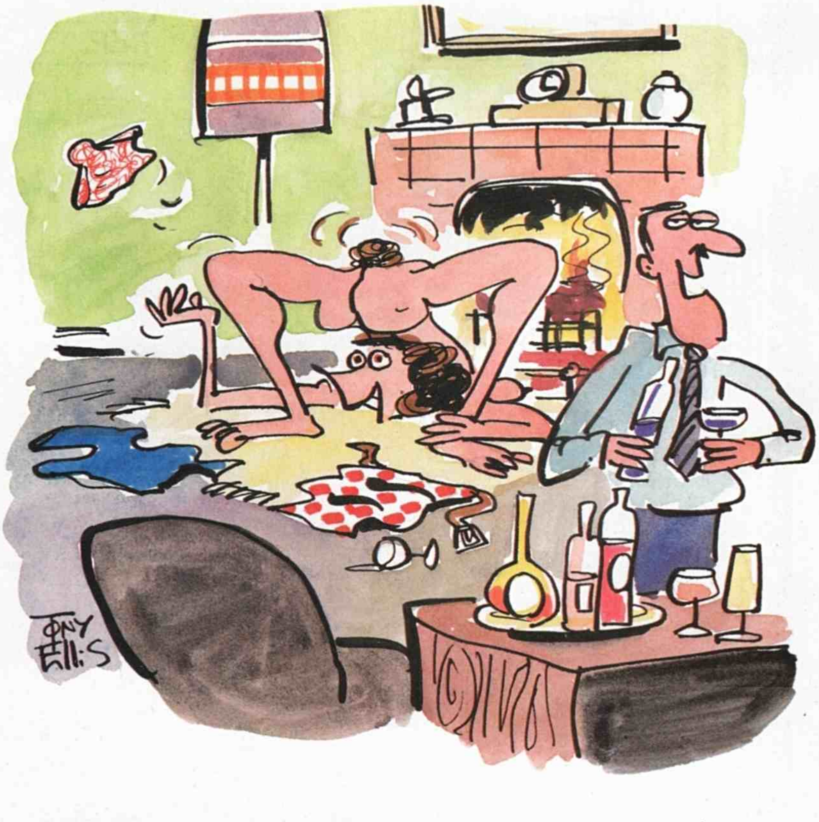
Woods: It is becoming a movie star looking at the world through the back seat of a limousine. You do that too much, you forget how to act because you don't know how to observe any more.

Club: With your attitude towards Hollywood, the producers and the system, how come you have finally made it as a star?

Woods: For years the attitude of the studios seemed to be that, having used up every other actor in the Screen Actors' Guild, they were finally forced to consider me.

Club: Don't you think you're complaining a bit much? Perhaps feeling a bit sorry for yourself?

Woods: No, I just feel rage. Fifteen years! It took me 15 years – and just because I didn't have a pretty surfboard rider face, just because I'm not willing to let it all hang out in front of the camera like Richard Gere. It makes you bitter. But I'll still beat 'em.♣



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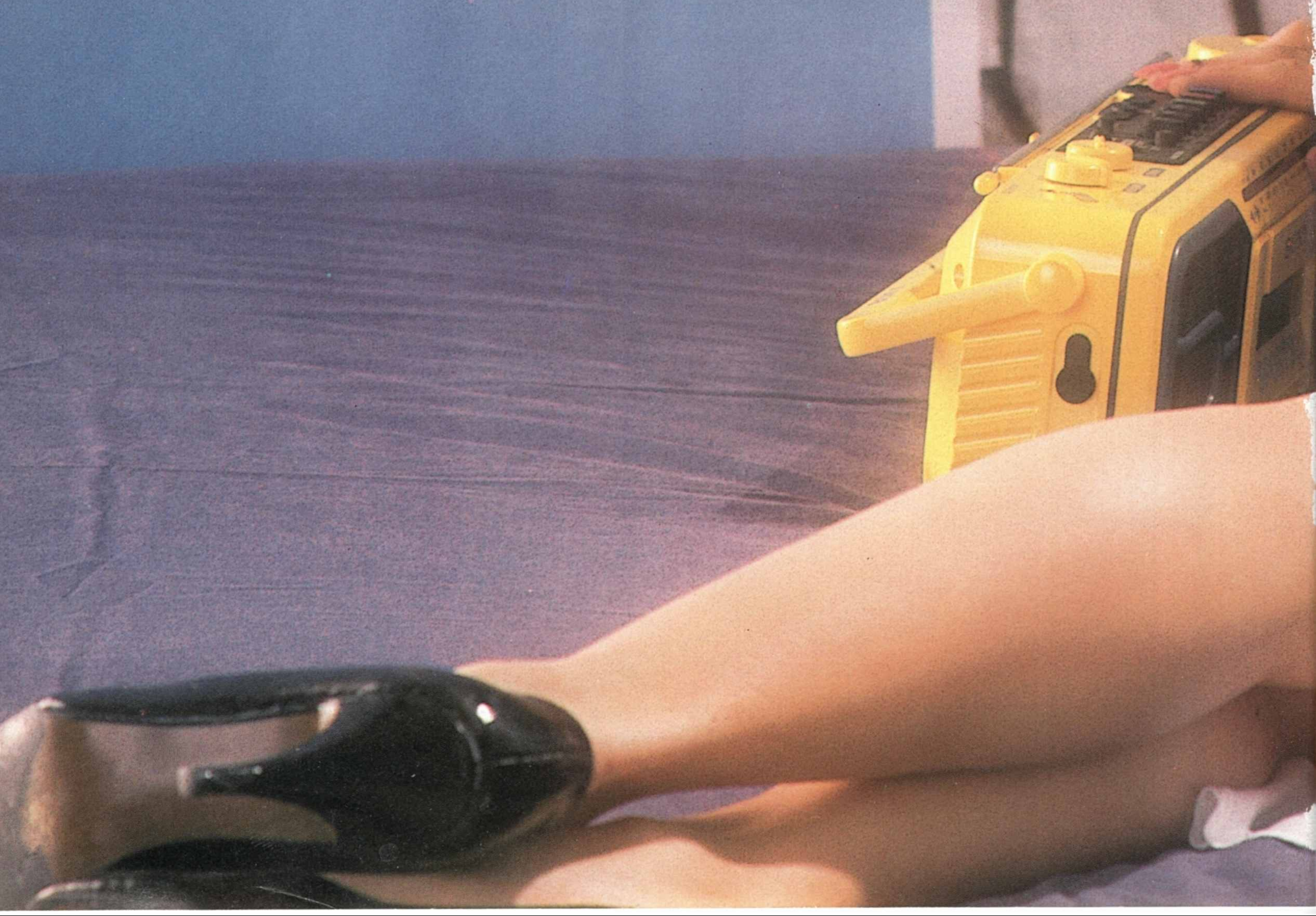
JULIE

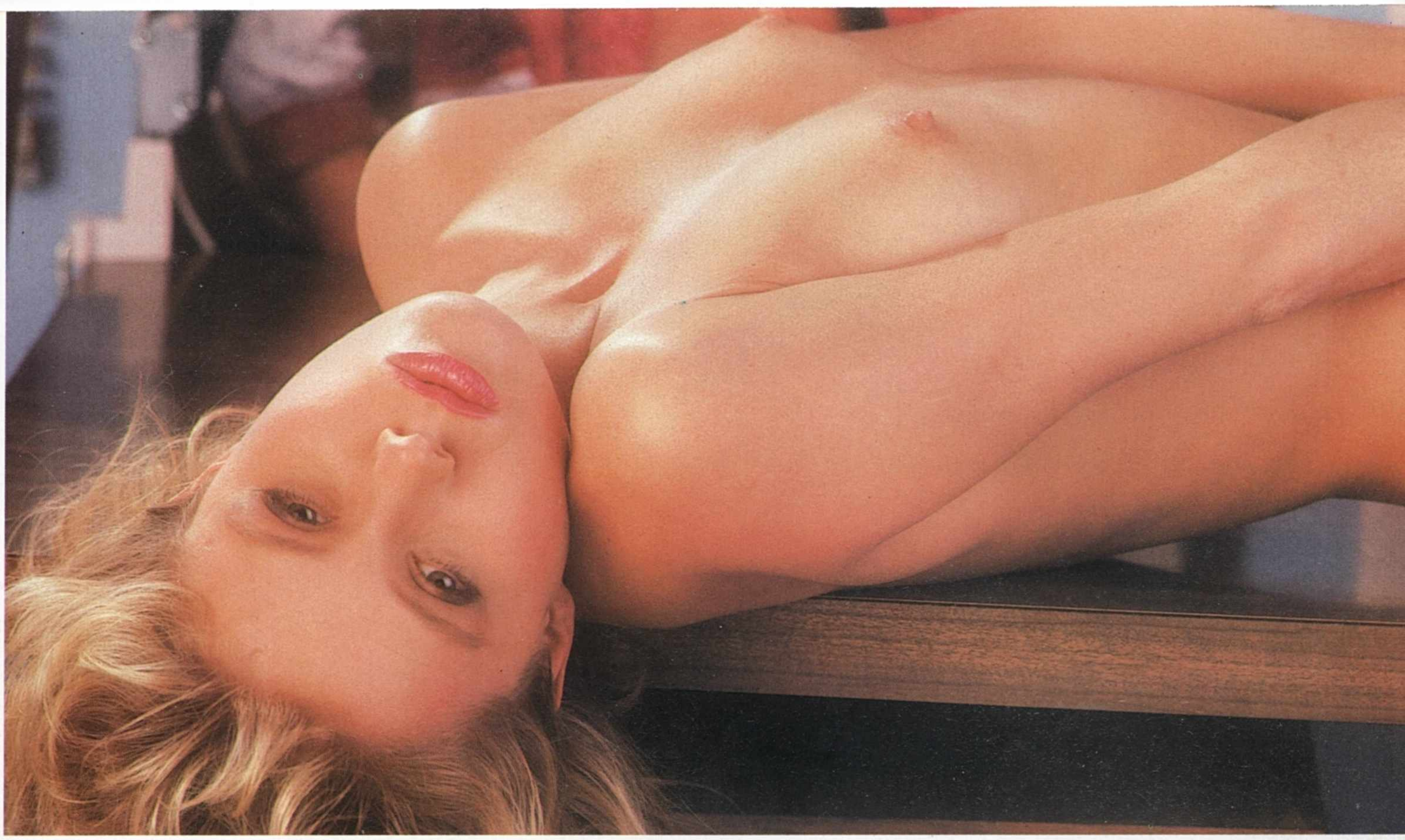
Photographs by Tim O'Brien

To say Julie Honsman is hyperactive is a bit like saying Richard Branson has



a bob or two. In other words, our 19-year-old from glamorous Basingstoke just can't stop going.

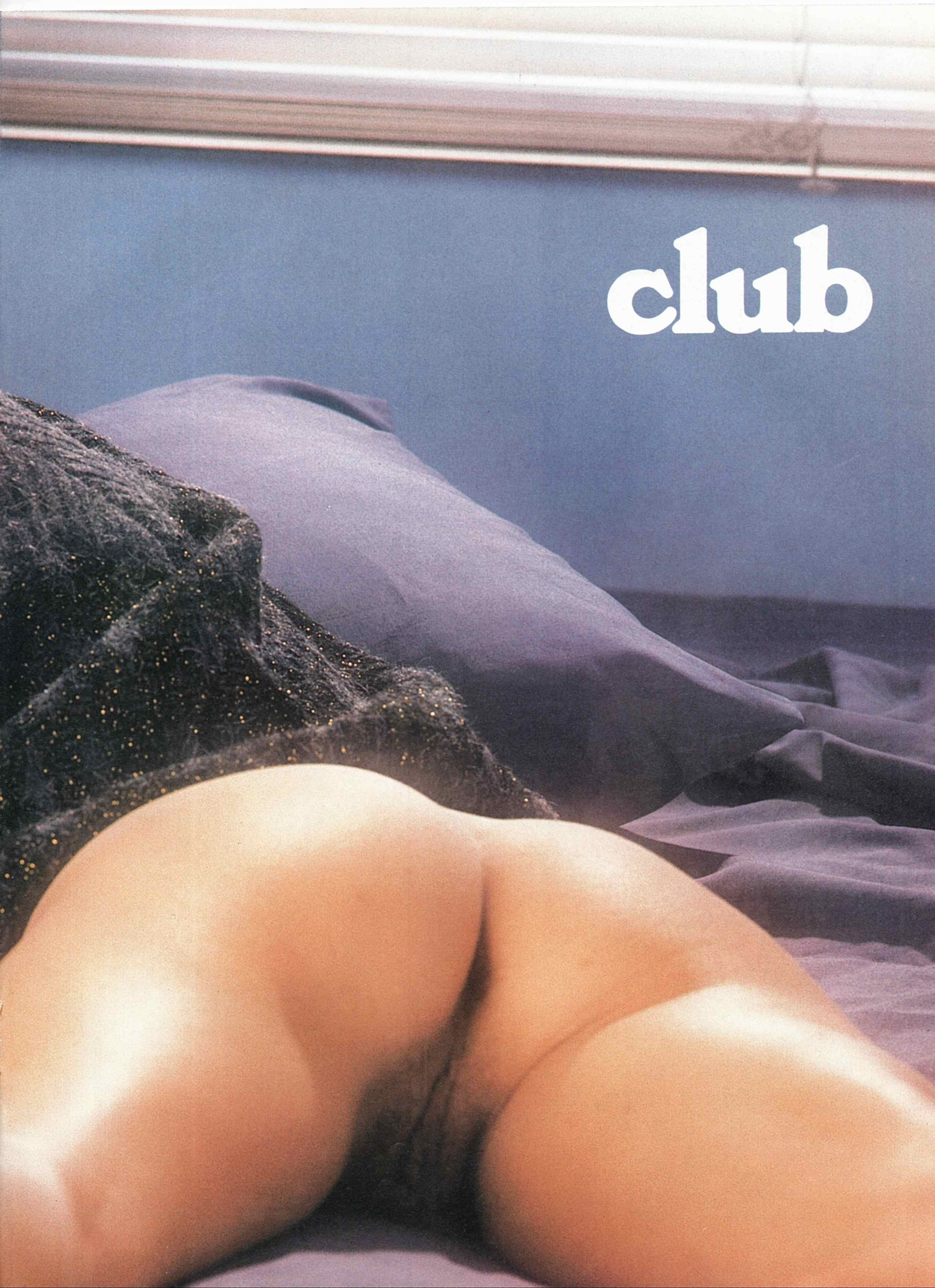
Her non-stop activity extends to her between-the-sheets escapades, too. "Yes, I



do ask a lot of my men," admits Kim Wilde-lookalike Julie (so you spotted it, too, right?). "And they don't always come up to the mark, even though I offer a lot in return.

"What does a girl have to do these days to get her orgasms?"

Any suggestions? ♣



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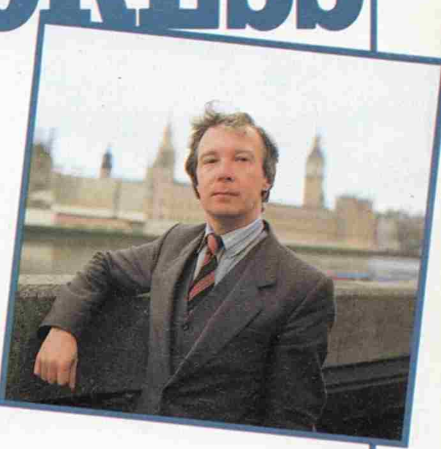
PILBEAM'S PROGRESS



CLOSE OF SESSION

Looks as though old Ernest Pilbeam has progressed about as far as he's going to. Or has he? Are these transcripts genuine or not? Will Shilton keep Derby County in the First Division? Are all these questions really necessary? Find out by reading TYM MANLEY'S final episode of PP . . .

Monday:

Damn funny! I hear that Kinnock's freckles are fake! Supposed to have been grafted on by skin surgeons. I can't really believe it. Why would anyone want to (exdel) up his face like that?

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM UTTERS SO MANY OATHS, WE'VE REPLACED THEM WITH THE WORD "EXDEL" TO SAVE OUR MORE SENSITIVE READERS FROM EMBARRASSMENT.

But my informant tells me it was for cosmetic reasons, to make the Welsh wordster look "boyish" and vulnerable.

Well, he certainly looked *that* at Question Time, doing his John Henry bit against Maggs. Man against machine! I don't know how she does it. Hardly sleeps, never stops and can keep the telephone book in one brain cell. Makes me inclined to believe the other rumour – that she's a CIA-programmed robot.

Poor old Spiel hasn't really got into his stride since the election. Keeps on and on about how Maggs was voted in by the merciless majority; manufacturing a mandate from the mercenary, money-mad meritocrats of the messianic, Marxist, middle class. Yes, he *did* say Marxist. Poor bugger got too carried away with his alliteration, as usual.

I think that's a bit (exdel) thick! Okay, so what if our lot *did* vote in the hope of being better off? What did his lot vote for? More benefits for themselves and their families! I understand he thinks his lot need it more, but both sides are equally greedy.

That's why our system is called Parliamentary Mercenocracy!

Tuesday:

Typical of Westminster. You leave the country for a few weeks and come back to find your office squatted by all and sundry.

I walked into mine to find our newly-promoted Minister for Social Standards and little Miss Thunderthighs from the canteen making each other come in their pants!

I was disgusted! Here's Maggs trying to produce the most radical government for decades, and all her wet (exdel) lapdog ministers can manage is a juvenile groping session!!

"For (exdel's) sake," I yelled at him, "if you want to (exdel), then (exdel)! I don't mind watching."

Actually, Thunderthighs seemed excited by the idea, but not that fool Tony. He walked out in a paddy.

I could see little Miss Thunderthighs was somewhat near lift-off so I offered her an (exdel), which she accepted. And we did. Only to be interrupted by Tony, who stormed in and stuck a red rose into me in mid-stroke (there's lots of them in the lavs; Labour left-wingers tried to flush them away after the election).

Worse, the (exdel) has reported us! I shall deck him when I catch up with him.

Meantime I'm in the (exdel) again, as usual.

By the way, Ms Pagge, what's all this Mr Pilbeam stuff? And the black looks and the silences? I know I haven't seen much of you, but it's all this pressure I'm under since returning from Afghanistan. Wear your blue crotchless knickers tonight – Piggy.

Wednesday:

No, I know I didn't turn up, and I'm *very* sorry. The funny thing is, TP, that I don't *feel* like it at the moment. I mean – that (exdel) with Thunderthighs yesterday was very nice, but it left me feeling rather empty.

The truth is, I'm afraid, that I cannot get Emma out of my mind. I've sent my own ex-SAS team to Pakistan with a large present for the local Mujahadin to see if I can get her away from old Colonel Corcoran and over here.

I think it's just that I'm afraid for her after the way I treated her and her old man. But maybe it's more . . .

Later: Titsypoohs, a very strange thing happened just now. As I was coming into your office, that stone lion thing that used to hang just outside your window fell on me! Just missed my head and sent the poor (exdel) cat up in the air with an arseful of gravel. How could that have happened? And you weren't there. Working hours 9-5.30, Miss Pagge.

Piggy, you're an insensitive bastard sometimes! – TP.

Determined once again to prove he's his Party's leading light

Thursday:

At Number 10 today for a rollicking by the headmistress. Saw old Cecil Parkinson in the ante room. Asked him how the baby was and he went puce! Can't think why. Perfectly civil question.

Maggs was livid with me. I don't know if it was just me (exdelling) the canteen girl or because I decked the Minister for Social Standards – little (exdel) came out of her office just as I was going in.

Anyway she fairly froze me with icy fury. Hissing that she'd talk to my constituency chairman and make things very difficult for me. Send me to Northern Ireland. Or worse (these days) to the bloody Scottish Office!

I said I was merely finishing a job her limp-dick minister couldn't handle, and if she dared say a word I'd publicise the whole affair and tell the Press I was merely carrying out her policy: to (exdel) the working classes!

Big meltdown then, but I headed it off by congratulating her on adopting my policies to abolish rates and ease the schools out of the clutches of the reds. Asked her a few detailed questions about the working of the new alternatives.

First time I've ever seen the machine glitch. She waffled a bit, but I don't think she's got a bloody clue. One thing I *do* know – the sneaking affection for E. Pilbeam that once kept me out of the ordure no longer flickers in the Prime Ministerial bosom. I'll have to watch it.

You too, TP; I found all my suits in the dustbin this morning. What's up? Pre-menstrual tension, I suppose? – Piggy.

Oaf! – Ms Pagge.

Later: Worse this afternoon. Maggs was making one of her speeches about Britain being great again. She paused for dramatic effect and I – I'm afraid – farted! Very loudly and just under the microphone so this huge, clammy raspberry thundered around the chamber.

She went white! The Opposition howled with laughter. And the reds at the BBC refuse to edit it out of *Today in Parliament*.

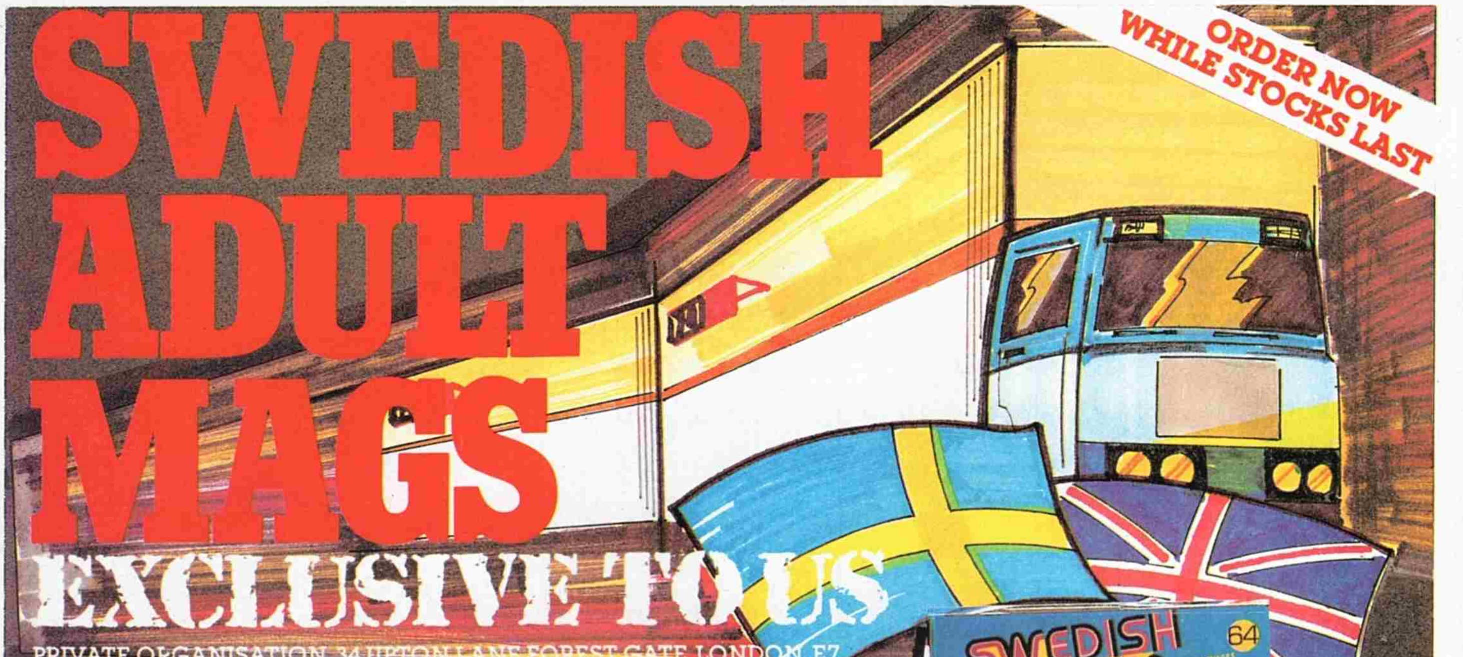
I tried to explain it was all those bloody kumquats the yuppies at the Beeb pushed down me after doing the *World at One* at lunchtime, but she won't even *look* at me any more.

I've a damned good mind to resign and force a by-election in Thames Marsh. Bound to be an SDP gain. Everyone wished they hadn't voted her back in about two minutes after they had!

Great news about Emma, Titsypoohs! She's in Pakistan and ready to fly here. I've squared the FO, so maybe tomorrow!

Friday:

She's here! Emma!! We met, we kissed, we went on the town. It's



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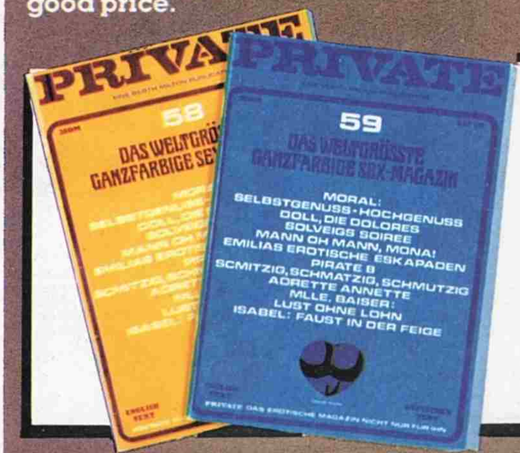
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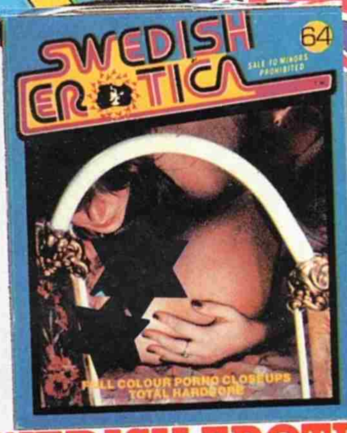
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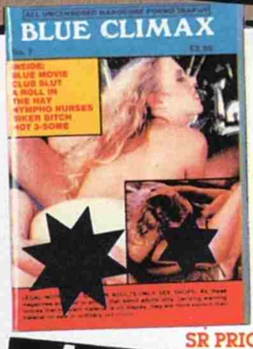
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love, Titsypoohs! I know it is because we never even thought of (exdelling)! Don't congratulate me too soon, but I think I might be about to get married a769 – 5 n2348 565635

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS WAS THE LAST SENTENCE TYPED ON MS PAGGE'S WORD PROCESSOR BEFORE IT WAS THROWN OUT OF THE WINDOW. WE HAVE RECOVERED THE ORIGINAL TAPE STILL INSIDE THE MANGLED REMNANTS OF THE TRANSCRIBING MACHINE WHICH APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN THROWN ABOUT THE ROOM, RATHER VIOLENTLY.

MS PAGGE NEVER TYPED FOR PILBEAM AGAIN. BUT HE WAS SO HAPPY, HE DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE, CONTINUING TO DICTATE TO HER AS BEFORE AND TO DEPOSIT THE TAPES IN HIS OFFICE WHERE THEY LAY UNTOUCHED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS. WE HAVE NOT TRANSCRIBED MUCH OF THE LAST DOZEN, WHICH ARE FULL OF LUVVY-DUVVY SLOP ABOUT EMMA CORCORAN WHO DID, STRANGELY ENOUGH, FIND THE FOUL-MOUTHED MEMBER FOR THAMES MARSH VERY ATTRACTIVE. BELOW ARE A FEW EXCERPTS.

Monday:

Be more careful, Titsy, for (exdel's) sake! That word processor very nearly crushed me. And the poor bloody cat's got QWERTYUIOP all down its tail.

Tuesday:

Why do you never come and meet Emma? You'd love her. She's my ickle furry wurry, ickle ooh . . .

Wednesday:

. . . ittle tittle fuzzy wuzzy . . .

Thursday:

Disaster! That muck-raking smut rag Club International is publishing my personal diaries! How dare they print the private papers of a public figure! It's a disgrace!

Oh, Titsypooh, how could you do this to me? All my private thoughts about politics and a lot of things I clearly instructed you *not* to type there in cold print, illustrated by embarrassing photographs.

Freedom of the Press is one thing, but when a soft porn magazine can ruin the career of a devoted public servant, freedom has gone too far. Freedom is precious. So precious, it must be rationed!

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM WOULD BE HORRIFIED TO LEARN THAT THESE LAST TWO SENTENCES ORIGINATED WITH *LENIN*. WHILE RANTING ABOUT PRESS PERSECUTION OF PUBLIC FIGURES, HE FORGETS THAT AS PUBLISHER OF THE *TRUTH* (A SUNDAY "NEWSPAPER"), HE HAS RAKED MORE MUCK THAN THE *NATIONAL ENQUIRER*.

Later: Tried to take my seat in the Commons this afternoon, but the catawauling that went up from all sides of the House as I walked in was incredible! Broken the rules, you see, and told the truth about the (exdel) place. They started throwing coins at me. It got so ridiculous I stood up, dropped my trousers and mooned at the lot of them before being escorted from the building. I am now suspended at the Speaker's pleasure. But I am the democratically elected member for Thames Marsh; they can't keep me away and they won't!

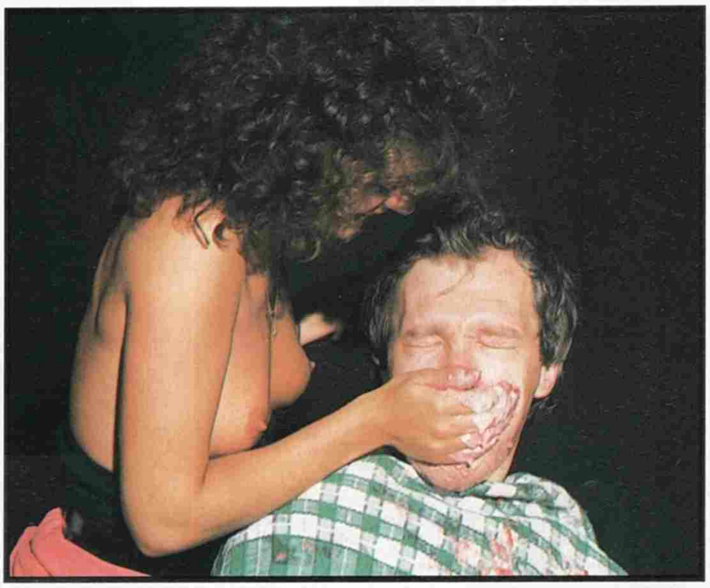
Friday:

Another Club International. Another dollop of my thoughts on that wet cow Maggie!

Failed to get an injunction last night. Well, of course I did in front of that spanking judge we exposed in the *Truth* last spring! He found publication was in the public interest. There were precedents, he said. For example, the case of a judge who was refused an injunction against a Sunday newspaper on the same grounds when accused on trumped-up charges of irregular sexual behaviour!

Well, I shall fight fire with fire. Tomorrow morning the *Truth* will be taking the lid off the Club International Empire! Although, so far, the only damaging things my (exdel) useless reporters have come up with is that the magazine is staffed entirely by agents of the KGB. It's just not *hot* enough!

Thank heaven I have Emma. She's all that keeps me from tearing their offices down with my bare hands (although I understand that the builders have done that for me).



Trying to digest a Bill which obviously needs another reading

The worst thing, of course, is that Titsypoohs has gone over to the other side and is prepared to swear that the diary is genuine and that I dictated every page. Lying little cow! Why didn't she tell me she was upset? All she had to say was it was that time of the month, and I'd have understood.

Well, I've got topless pictures of Ms Pagge!

Monday:

I have to sue. There's talk of a special meeting of the constituency party and withdrawal of the whip. I have to scotch these foul slurs at all costs. Writs have been issued, and I've got a hearing tomorrow.

Later: I was almost shot this afternoon. Driving to the *Truth* when a motor bike drew up alongside and the rider pulled out a revolver. Luckily, he was so busy glaring at me he didn't see the bollard and came a nasty cropper.

It was Sandy Corcoran, Emma's brother – the guy I decked in Afghanistan. He says the old man is in England to take Emma back and I'd better like it because he has half of MI5 helping him.

Rushed back to the flat and Emma was gone! Left a letter saying she was going on a tour with her grandad to think things over.

My instinct is to fight the (exdel), but what's the use! You can't tear a girl away from her family without harming her emotionally. I will just have to wait and hope.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THIS IS THE FIRST ALMOST HUMAN FEELING THAT HAS EVER APPEARED IN PILBEAM'S DIARY!

Tuesday:

I'm just numb. Brain awash with (exdel) brandy and I have to be in court in an hour. I shall go, but my heart's not in it: I don't give a damn what happens to me now.

Later: I (exdel) did it! I only (exdel) *won*! They settled out of court for half a million. Full apology, the lot!

Well, they had no choice when Titsy deserted them. I think she felt sorry for me. I admit I staggered in the dock and had to sit down – which was more to do with two bottles of Remy in 24 hours than anything else. But it moved TP, who had to tell the truth; that my so-called diary was not dictated by me but was a totally fictitious document drawn up by a hack journalist, for money!

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM'S ABILITY TO BELIEVE THIS WAS TRUE JUST BECAUSE HE *WANTED* IT TO BE TRUE IS A MINDTRICK TYPICAL OF THE PROFESSIONAL POLITICIAN.

Didn't have time to thank her, but as she got into her taxi she saw me, winked, and whisked up her skirt at the back to show she wasn't wearing knickers!

Wednesday:

I am a public hero. Don't ask me why. Yesterday I was (exdel), today I'm (exdel) marvellous. Crowds lined the streets when I went down to the constituency to do my usual surgery. The steel bands were out!

The House was a bit sniffier. But once I apologized for my behaviour and explained the emotional pressure I was under, they applauded me to my seat.

Proving to his constituents that the matter is very much in hand

It seems to me that everyone is delighted to have the truth told about politics. They all like a public figure who (exdels) a lot. Just so long as they can pretend it's not true! That is British public life for you.

And the hack who we said made it all up, he's got a £50,000 advance from a publisher!

Amazing!

Later: (exdel) me, I'm a Minister. Minister of Social Standards – after Maggs found Anthony jerking his canteen lady off in her sitting room!

She said something about poachers and gamekeepers. And she *smiled* at me!

Thursday:

A note from Emma. She wants to meet me in Switzerland tomorrow. Perhaps it's a set-up, but I shall certainly go. I'm very much afraid I *need* Emma.

In the meantime it's off to (exdel) Titsypoohs for old time's sake. Smack bottom night for TP!

(Exdel!).

EDITOR'S NOTE: THESE WERE THE LAST WORDS DICTATED BY THE RT HON GENTLEMAN BEFORE HIS DISAPPEARANCE. SHORTLY AFTER LEAVING MS PAGGE, HE FLEW TO SWITZERLAND. HIS CLOTHES WERE LATER FOUND FOLDED NEATLY ON THE CLIFF ABOVE THE REICHENBACK FALLS.

HIS FATE IS UNCERTAIN. SOME SAY THE CORCORAN FAMILY PUSHED HIM OVER THE FALLS AFTER USING EMMA AS BAIT. MS PAGGE BELIEVES *EMMA* PUSHED HIM OVER AFTER ADMITTING TO HIM THAT SHE WAS A LESBIAN AND HER BREASTS WERE SILICON ENHANCED. BUT SIGHTINGS OF HIM ALIVE HAVE BEEN REPORTED FROM AS FAR AWAY AS AUSTRALIA AND AS NEAR AS SOMERSET.

WE SIMPLY DO NOT KNOW. BUT NO PAYMENT HAS BEEN MADE IN REGARD OF THE LIBEL ACTION AGAINST OURSELVES AND NO APOLOGY WILL BE MADE TO ERNEST PILBEAM.

FOR WE CAN NOW PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT THESE DIARIES *ARE* GENUINE AND WERE DICTATED BY PILBEAM HIMSELF. ♣

Lisa

Photographs by Clive McLaine

Appearances can be ever so deceptive. Lisa comes over in these pictures as somewhat superior (which she undoubtedly is, in many respects). But the truth could not be further away. ''Eee, it must be summat to do w'make-up, ah s'pose,'' as the leggy lovely from Bolton says herself . . . ♣

LIFE WITH Linzi

Photographs by Ian Potter and Terry O'Neill

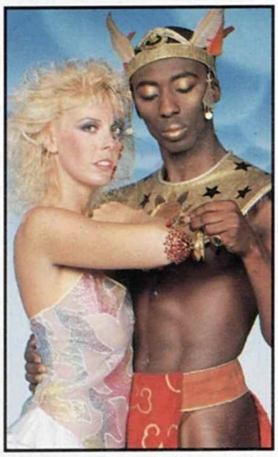
You know, I thought it would never happen – the day I'd see my name as Leading Lady at the head of a cast list. As you probably know, my TV and film parts are usually tiny supporting roles, meaning that, if you blink, you'll probably miss the majority of my (obviously superb) performance! But here I am at last with a starring role under my belt, even if the movie *did* only last six or seven minutes!

Anyway, this movie – which opened in September – is called *Aria*, and features the talents of ten top directors, all portraying one of their favourite Arias from an opera, and somehow or other they are all linked together by the wonderful actor, John Hurt.

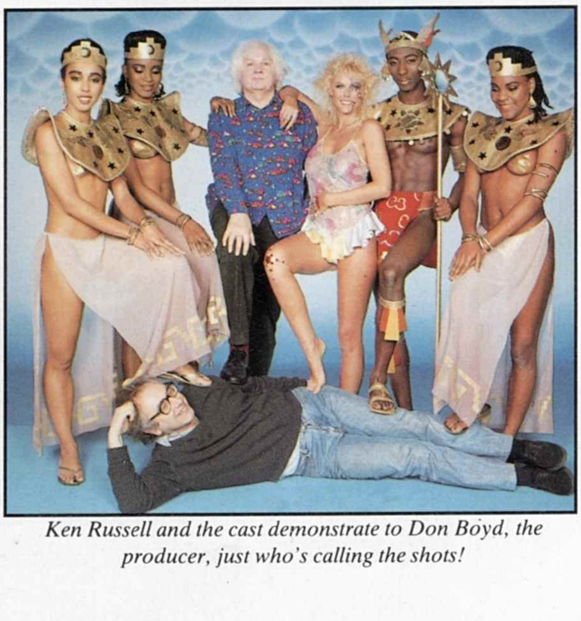
My role was in the film directed by the remarkable Ken Russell, who chose a haunting Aria from a Puccini opera entitled *Nessun Dorma*, loosely translated as "None shall sleep." And, working with Ken, nobody did! Actually, it was very hard but very rewarding to work with such an unconventional genius.

Ken Russell explained his thoughts for the Aria with me. It seemed very weird and surrealistic. I was playing a girl who had been involved in a serious car crash and, as I desperately hang on to life, I float off through the pain barrier into a world of beauty and fantasy. In my fantasies, my surgeon becomes an Egyptian priest and the nurses become Egyptian priestesses who are no longer dressing my wounds, but decorating my face and body with beautiful jewels.

Throughout half of the Aria, I am covered in glittering rubies and diamonds and wearing only a pretty lemon baby doll nightie and a glass crown. In the other half, however, I



You meet a lot of nice men in this business . . .



Ken Russell and the cast demonstrate to Don Boyd, the producer, just who's calling the shots!

look so grisly – what with my black eye, stitched-up cheek and covered in fake blood – that most of the crew couldn't bear to look at me! And, you know, I've never had that effect on fellas before!

I haven't been putting people off their food all that much lately, although I did do another very unglamorous job last week.

There is a new sitcom on LWT called *The Management*, which might well be off and running by the time you read this. Anyway, in this series I have one of my usual tiny parts. I play Doris, a masseuse from Yorkshire, whose so-called health club leaves a lot to be desired. Not only does she allow whippets in the baths with their owners, and her "Jacuzzi" is nothing more than an old tin bath with an egg whisk, but she really hits rock bottom when she massages her clients with ferret grease!

I was dressed like a tarted-up char, and, as it was filmed in front of a live studio audience, it was great fun.

But I have been glamorous in some of my most recent jobs. I've just done a very erotic nude body shot for the cover of the latest single by sexy black American singer, Donna Allen. I've played a *Dynasty*-type soap star in "A Heineken refreshes the parts" commercial, a mud wrestler in the Ronnie Corbett series, *Sorry*, and – of course – I've posed for these raunchy pictures just for you.

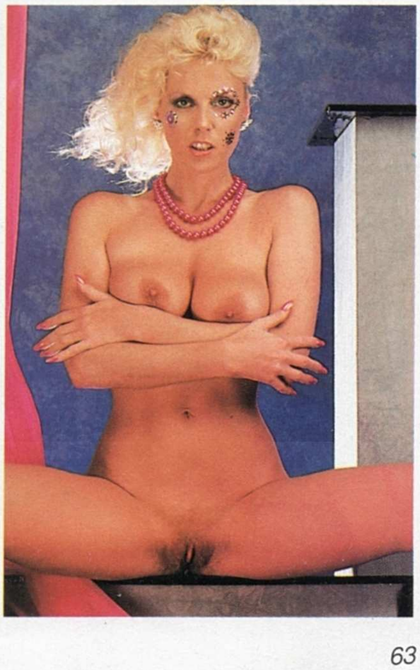
I do hope you like the pics, as I was definitely floating off into a world of fantasy when I did them!

Naturally, this month hasn't been all work and no play. I've been to some smashing parties and met some really nice guys, as well as some pretty tasty ladies. But the horniest fuck I've had all month was with a British Telecom engineer who came to fix my phone.

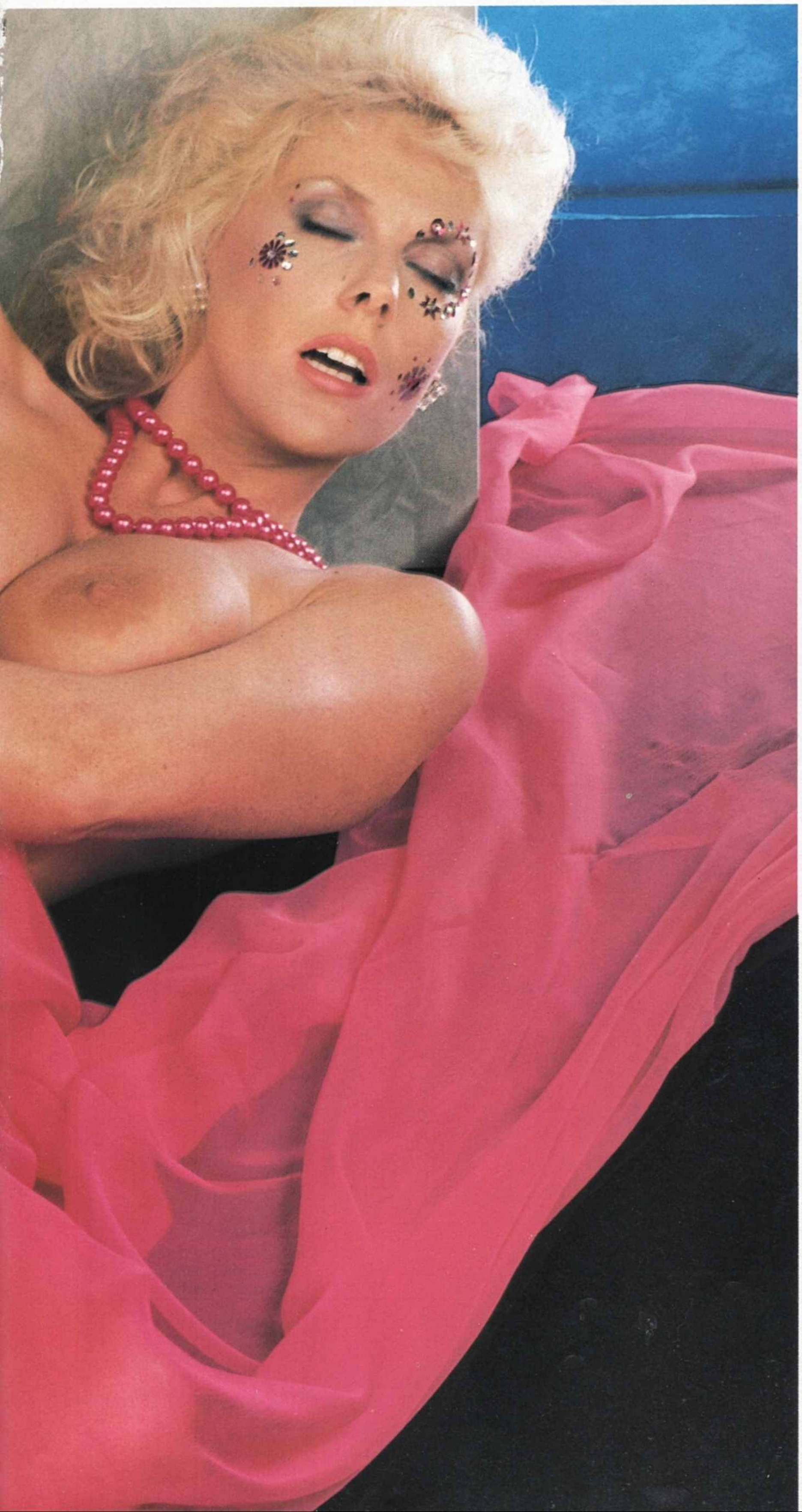
Well, you know how it is; I'm a busy working girl, totally in dire straits without my telephone. So when Dave, the hunky British Telecom engineer, turned up, I was so relieved, I was simply putty in his hands.

Dave got straight down to work fixing the wonky phone in the lounge. I ogled him as he squatted down on the floor, looking all hot and

Gosh, it's nice to be pampered once in a while, isn't it?



Look – no hands!



muscley – and I knew I just had to have him. So I asked him to come take a look at the other telephone in my bedroom.

That phone was, of course, right next to my bed (conveniently placed for when I get a little carried away with a dirty phone call to a boyfriend!). I sat down beside Dave on the bed and, as you can imagine, one thing led to another. Pretty soon I had unzipped Dave's flies and taken out his lovely cock. I sucked it frantically until he was good and hard. Dave seemed to love it. He forgot all about my telephone and slipped his hand into my panties.

A few minutes later, my panties were off. I straddled Dave as he lay back against the headboard of my big brass bed. His thick cock slid easily into my wet, juicy cunt and we moved together beautifully. I was getting so excited, my pussy muscles tightened around his shaft, giving him no alternative but to shoot his load. I sucked every last drop of his hot spunk into my twitching pussy.

That was all very well, 'cos I do adore a good impromptu fuck, but good in bed though Dave was, he's a lousy engineer – my telephone still doesn't bloody work! That was almost a week ago and, true to BT form, I'm still waiting for the next engineer to turn up. I wonder if he'll be worth waiting for? I'll let you know!

Dishy Dave hasn't been my only conquest this month. I've started dating this really gorgeous French businessman who I was lucky enough to be sitting next to at a dinner party a couple of weeks ago. He's only here in London for a month, so I intend to fit in as much as possible, if you'll pardon the pun.

The French, I find, live up to their reputation as incredibly sexy and very passionate lovers. It's been a good few years since I've sampled the delights of the French art of lovemaking, although it's true I am an enthusiast of the French kiss!

The best bit of these Frenching sessions are when we act out one of my little fantasies. One of my favourites of the moment is dressing up really posh – perhaps a slinky black dress, high heels, sheer black stockings, suspender belt and definitely no knickers.

My man books a table at a swish restaurant and the whole time we are there wining and dining, I am begging my French lover to feel me up under the table. I get really hot and frustrated as he talks dirty to me, telling me I will have to wait until dessert. My legs are spread very wide and my cunt is soaking wet, dying to be fingerfucked.

Just as the waiter brings our dessert, my lover reaches under the table, slowly moves his hand along my inner thigh, lingering on my stocking tops. I thrust my cunt forward, begging him to stroke my swollen clit. I've actually had orgasms waiting for his warm fingers to travel up from my stocking tops and slither up and down my slit!

Multiple orgasms whilst eating *crème brulée* has got to be one of the most exciting experiences in the world. You should try it sometime!

Ah, well, back to reality. I've got a lot lined up these coming weeks, so tune in next month to get all the gen on what I've been up to (or what's been up me, if you prefer!).

Linzi

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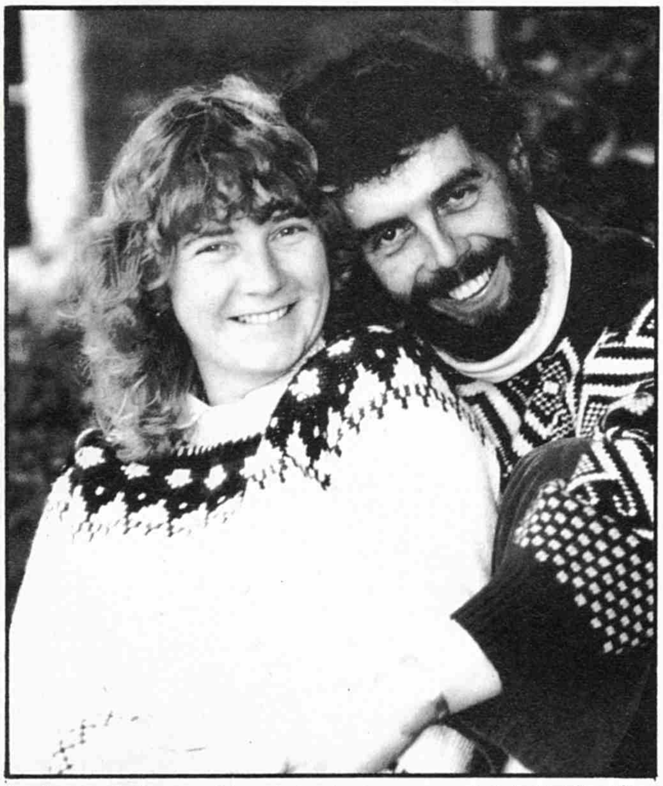

Lesley and Jon — *It's amazing how many people join Dateline 'for a laugh', but behind that lighthearted attitude there is nearly always the hope that it might lead to a special relationship. Lesley, a divorcee, didn't really think Dateline would be able to help her. Her children made it difficult for her to get out, but when she met Jon, a farmer, it was apparent to both of them that they were at the start of something long term. They were married in the autumn and are overjoyed at the turn their lives have taken.*

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
About two months ago I bought my first-ever Club, and there you were. I instantly fell in love with you. You look gorgeous, and I love it when you open your legs and let us have a look at your perfect snatch. It would certainly be lovely to lick it.

There's something I would like to ask you, because it's kept me thinking for quite a while. I'd like to know what you wear under your clothes on a *normal* day – not when you're posing. I hope your answer is that, from time to time, you wear nothing underneath, because that will help me fantasize even more.

One last thing: when you suck cock, do you swallow the semen? Regardless of whether you do or not, you can suck my cock any time you're in Holland. *AB, Netherlands*

Thanks for the kind offer! Now, to answer your questions. Generally speaking, I don't wear any underwear. I never wear knickers unless I'm working – and only then when I'm about to take them off! I must admit to occasionally wearing a bra. It's usually a half-cup, underwired, lacy job, which I wear only under layers of winter clothes. To make me feel really sexy, my preference is for stockings and suspenders without knickers. I love sucking cocks and swallowing semen, although I need a good drink of Perrier shortly afterwards. It's thirsty work.

Dear Linzi,
I'm a 34-year-old male who enjoys seeing a girl with nice legs wearing a lacy suspender belt, tan-coloured stockings and black high-heeled pumps. I have a shapely, attractive girlfriend called Pamela who enjoys wearing these things to please me.

The other night I was lying on the sofa watching TV when Pamela came out from the bedroom. All she was wearing was a lacy beige-coloured suspender belt, tan-coloured stockings and her black high-heeled pumps. She looked beautiful! Whenever we go out in the evening she always wears a dress or skirt, and a suspender belt and stockings underneath. Sometimes she enjoys being naughty and wears crotchless panties – or even no panties at all.

I really wish more women would give up wearing pantihose and wear gear like Pamela's. *David, New York*

I agree, David. And I don't think you'll come across much dissent from Club readers, either!

Dear Linzi,
I was recently having a look through some back issues of Club and having a nice slow wank in the process. It came to an abrupt end when I saw the pictures of you with your shaven haven, because I spunked immediately. I like to see girls with their cunts shaven – especially yours. So I think it's about time you gave your sweet pussy another shave, seeing it was about a year ago that you last shaved.

I know you weren't too keen last time because of itching, but I'm sure you wouldn't mind doing it once a year just for me – and probably many others.

Tim, Paignton

Well, Tim, I think you're right about my shaven haven; perhaps it is time I got to grips with the old razor again. I'll have a word with the Ed, as he's the boss – and I'll need to get the shaving foam on expenses!

Dear Linzi,
Please tell me – is it you in the painting in a send-up of Dynasty in the Heineken lager advert?

If it's true what they say about their lager reaching the parts others can't you're the best person for the advert because you really reach **my** parts that others can't! In fact, as I write this letter, my cock is as stiff as a broomstick and will have to be relieved soon or my hand will start shaking and you won't be able to read what I'm writing.

I've had many a wet dream thinking about you and myself making love, and I always wake up with a massive erection that won't go down unless I pump myself off. The best dream of all came a while back when I dreamt of being caught red-handed by you. I was attempting to obtain war secrets somewhere in France, and you were dressed as a German General. With your pistol in your hand you ordered me into a bedroom and summoned two lady guards to strip off all my clothing. I was pushed on to a four-poster bed and, seconds later, you appeared wearing only a pair of black leather boots, seamed stockings and a basque strapped tightly to support those beautiful tits. It wasn't long before I started to gasp as you slid those long finger nails up and down my meat. I couldn't hold it any longer and, just as I came, your mouth descended upon my organ to lap up every drop.

You left the room for a second and returned with a carving knife. You hopped on to the bed, threw one leg over my chest and pushed your juicy cunt over my mouth. Then you lifted my solid cock with your left hand and raised the knife above your head with the other. That's when I fell off the settee in the front room and banged my balls on the coffee table as I screamed: "Linzi, don't!"

I often wonder what the girl who lives downstairs must have thought that night. Still, who cares? I've still got you and my parts that only you can reach!

Jacko, Middlesex

Sorry you woke up with a bump and not a "bang", Jacko – still, you've certainly got a wild imagination. You are also very observant, as it is indeed little ol' Ellie Lou, alias Linzi, in the Heineken ad.

DIANE

CATHY

PENNY

HELEN

CARLA

CAROL

CAROL

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☐ 1 hour video of CAROL	£15
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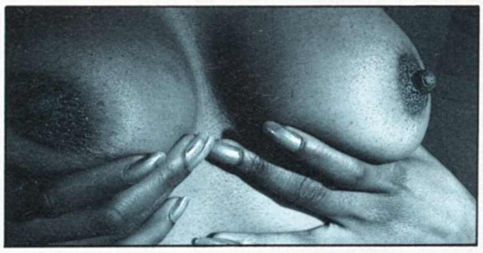

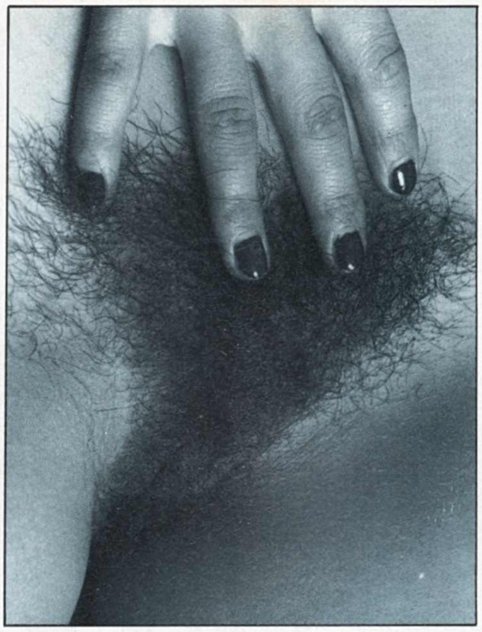

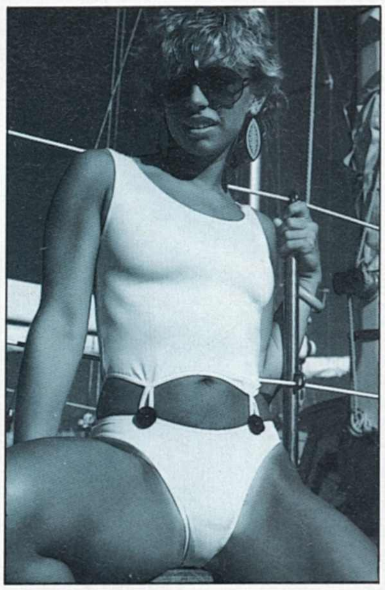

This is the section where you talk to us—and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

RIGHT ON CUE!

It was my girlfriend Karen's idea of a fun place: yet another perfectly good East End pub, all glossed over and glitzed up, "art deco" style. It was Karen's birthday, and she was getting silly and common on Pina Coladas, but who was I to talk, half-blitzed on Super Lager? I started feeling randy, my curiosity aroused by the boys in the adjoining pool room. They were all dressed up in dinner suits, going on to a wedding reception at a posh club, but their accents were anything but posh! Common as muck, but ever so sexy.

You know how it is, trying to wriggle off an extra-tall bar stool and keep your cool? Well it's doubly difficult when you're wearing a short skirt and a whole pub is watching your every move. All I can say is, thank God I was wearing my white cotton ones, and not one of the little silk G-strings my boss bought me for Christmas.

The Ladies was at the back of the pool room. All conversation stopped as I squeezed past the table, and I pretended not to notice as one of the players ('a poor man's Nick Kamen', Karen called him) upped the back of my skirt with his cue. I kept walking, trying not to smile; trying in vain to look offended, not flattered. God, they had me sussed!

Having made it to the sanctuary of the lavs, I brought my make-up up to date in the mirror (craning my neck to find a gap in the lipsticked graffiti), lifted my skirt, stepped out of my panties, and stuffed them in my handbag. Why deny it? I was desperate to get laid.

When I returned to the pool room, the atmosphere was heavier still. The lights had been dimmed, and the door to the lounge was jammed with a chair. Three guys sat around the pool table, clutching their pints, staring at me. Sure enough, as I made my way back past the table, out came the pool cue again, but this time in front of me. Up went my skirt, but this time I stopped in my tracks, making not the slightest effort to render myself decent. I turned to face my would-be assailants, fanny in full view, not flinching as a second cue came into play – the blunt end, this time – poked indecorously between my thighs and twiddled around, a full two inches short of my cunt. The boys smirked, maddeningly, and I began to wonder whether they were capable of fucking at all. Maybe they got their rocks off by humiliating girls instead.

It was when their mate crept up behind me, deftly hoisting my hem at the back and pressing something familiarly warm and hard into my crack, that things started to get interesting. And more interesting still when the boy prodding my crotch with his pool cue suddenly dropped to his knees and started showering my cunt with kisses. He must have been incredibly sure of himself, that one. If I hadn't wanted to play, there was nothing to stop me bringing my knee up into his mouth.

The guy behind me, now busily rubbing his prick against my bum with all the finesse of an oversexed dog, reached around and unbuttoned my blouse, and my bra-less boobs flopped free. Then they were all on me at once, all three boys, pawing and poking and

generally battling to outgross one another.

"Make it quick, luv," hissed the guy grappling my boobs and enjoying my bum. "The manager'll call the Bill if he tumbles."

"I'll get on the table, then," I said, dropping my skirt and parking my arse over a corner pocket. "Right, then, who wants it first?"

The Nick Kamen-clone unzipped his jeans, let them drop to the floor, and shuffled his way inelegantly between my knees, having a preliminary wank into my wetness while one of his pals, naked but for his shirt and bow tie, climbed up on to the baize and started spoiling my make-up with his dribbling prick. If only to speed things up, I started sucking on it, at the same time digging my fingernails into his mate's bare bum and urging him – between gulps of cock – to fuck me harder.

The boy between my legs slipped out of me at the crucial moment, came all over my belly, and, cursing freely, reluctantly moved over for his bigger, better-looking mate. No sooner had he found his way inside me and got a good grip of my bottom, than the lad I was blowing suddenly tensed and let fly a string of cum. It flew everywhere.

I was sluttishly engaged in licking his lovely thing clean, when suddenly it was panic stations. Someone was hammering on the door, and the race was on to make ourselves decent. I grabbed my things and made a beeline for the Ladies, while the three flustered boys hurriedly zipped-up and went back to their pool game.

My friend Karen suggested we pull a couple of fellas and "get a curry out of 'em". No class at all, that girl. I said I had a headache and went home. I nicked a pool cue on my way out, though – just for the memories, of course!

Tessa, London E15

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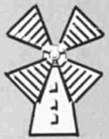

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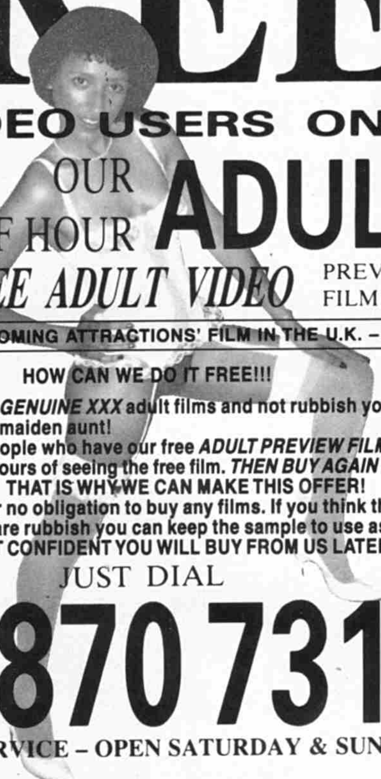

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Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

COMING ABOARD . . .

I live with my boyfriend in a small rented flat in Portsmouth. Money's a bit tight because we're both students, so whenever possible we visit John's elder brother Martin, who's ever forthcoming with food and booze. He's 45 years old but incredibly sexy, and I've been dying to get my claws into him for ages and ages. Unfortunately he's married, and I think his wife knows I fancy him, because she always makes a point of keeping us apart. However, I finally got my chance one weekend back in July, when he invited me out on his new boat, a small GRP-hulled yacht. His wife was fuming, because she could think of no good reason to intervene, while my boyfriend, completely unsuspecting as ever, seemed perfectly happy sitting around the house getting drunk on his brother's Scotch.

Under my dress I was wearing a white bikini, and as soon as we were 100 metres offshore, I slipped out of my dress and sat facing my boyfriend's brother, who stood at the helm doing his old seadog routine. I sat with my legs apart, ostensibly to catch the sun, but as the sea roughened at the harbour entrance, spray broke over the bow and saturated my bikini, rendering it semi-transparent. Still I kept my knees apart.

"Do you have to sit like that?" asked Martin, all flustered.

"Why? Does it give you a hard-on?" I replied, naughtily, reaching around behind me and unfastening my top. "And you a married man!"

His prick had fully uncurled, and was poking at an obviously uncomfortable angle inside his shorts. We both laughed nervously, and he patted it into position, "headed due North" as he described it, pulling down his baggy T-shirt to conceal the bulge. I protested bitterly, saying I wanted to see it, so he tugged it downwards and poked it out through the inside leg of his shorts. It was huge, and incredibly pretty. His kid brother's was like a thimble by comparison.

There was some confusion as to the nearest quiet backwater to go for a fuck. Martin said he remembered a "likely" creek near Langstone Harbour, and used the diesel to speed the journey. I peeled my bikini bottom off and sat there, eyeing him lecherously, fiddling with my cunt and talking dirty.

We finally moored alongside a rusted-out river barge, and Martin led me downstairs to the crammed galley. Determined to bring out the animal in him, I got down on my hands and knees on the bunk, and urged him to lick me from behind. He kneeled at the end of the bunk and buried his face in my privates, and I shook my bottom appreciatively as he stuck his tongue up me.

We then took a breather and had a couple of belts from his hipflask. Feeling pleasantly stoned, I amused myself lying on the bunk and sandwiching his prick between the soles of my feet, coaxing his foreskin back and forth. There followed a series of laid-back, naughty games, Martin finger-fucking me, then teasing my clit and nipples with a seagull feather that obligingly wafted in through the hatch. And all the time I regaled him with disgusting (and imaginary, unfortunately!) accounts of my sexual experiences.

Finally, Martin clambered on top of me and squeezed his bull-like appendage up my cunt, causing little slurp-like emissions which spurred us on to even more wondrous indecencies. Finally wriggling free of this weapon of a cock, I tossed it off between my tits, not stopping until masses of come was dripping from my nipples.

Martin went and spoiled it all by declaring his undying love for me and suggesting we run away together. I didn't dare tell him, but all I was interested in was getting back to his house in double-quick time and getting stuck into dinner. Sex always gives me a ravenous appetite!

Pamela, Portsmouth

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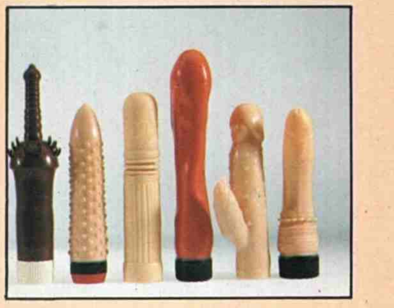

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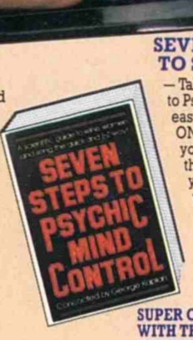

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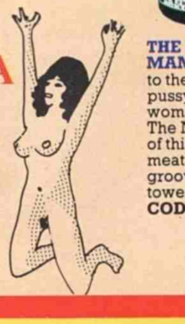

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Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

MADAM BIG

Back in the 70s, I worked at an advertising agency in Soho. On the ground floor was a cinema club, where they screened blue movies 12 hours a day. I was friendly with the guys on the door, and they'd let me in for free whenever I felt in the mood for a peek. I think it amused them (and turned them on, for all I know) that a girl could be so interested in porno.

One movie aroused me more than the rest, because the bosomy, black-stockinged cocksucker in the leading role was, I was reliably informed, the wife of the club's owner. The way she so deftly milked two big cocks dry while squirming around on another made me feel inadequate, frankly, and I longed to broaden my horizons. Boys, girls, or both, I wasn't fussy.

I took to dressing up for my boyfriend, just like a blue film tart in black leather gloves and boots, and silk, seamed stockings, but that was curiously counter-productive from my point of view, because all he wanted to do was wank over me! Then, one lunchtime at a fashionable restaurant, I was introduced to none other than the blue film lady herself, by her husband. She handed me her phone number, winked, and I felt myself go crimson with embarrassment. The boy I was lunching with almost choked on his vegetable terrine!

To come straight to the point, I visited her at her Queensway flat that same evening, with the sole intention of fucking her – despite never having been with another girl in my life. I didn't know what to do or where to look, when, no sooner had I stepped into the hall, she started undressing me, until all my clothes, with the exception of my stockings and suspender belt, lay around me on the floor in a heap.

She was a big lady, much older than me, and she cradled my head between her enormous boobs as we lay on the sofa, watching a medley of filthy videos. She urged me to suck her nipples and slip my hand up between her stockinged thighs as she sat, mesmerized by the pornographic imagery on the telly. Then she commanded me, bulldyke-style, to go down on her.

Her pubic hair was trimmed into what I think was supposed to resemble a heart. No matter, it needed no brushing aside for me to locate her clitoris, which protruded through her curls, glistening and pink, almost as big as a thumbnail. I licked it voraciously until she came, after which, seemingly well pleased, she led me into her. wonderfully vulgar bedroom. There, holding me over her lap in the manner of a schoolmarm about to whack a wayward brat, she ordered me to "kick and struggle" (whatever turns you on, right?) while giving me a sensational fingerfuck.

I stayed with her until 4 am, sixty-nining her in every position imaginable. It came as no surprise when she asked me to "do" a blue film with her, but with some reluctance I declined, never really fancying the notion of behaving outrageously and uninhibitedly in front of a studio full of technicians!

Sarah, Hove

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LADY IN BLACK. Dressed in black leather, she watches her friend and husband at it while she plays with a big black dildo.

THREE GIRLS. Three girls egg each other on to chat up the window cleaner. One does, but she can't take all he can give her so she calls for her friends to help.

FRIENDS. Two friends both have the same girl. Then they both have her sister. One of the friends has the girls' mother in the kitchen. Then the mother's younger sister walks in . . .

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VIDEO OFFERS, 34 Upton Lane, Forest Gate, London E7 9LN.

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My Fetish

Probably the weirdest Letters in the world

I have a question for Club's lady readers. Are there any other girls like me, turned on by leather? I've been into leather since I was 16. And although I'm a big girl of 22 now, I still love the feel of it tight against my skin.

In fact, to get me in the mood to write to you, I've got one of my outfits on now. It's a black leather catsuit, like *The Avengers* girl used to wear, except it's skin tight. There's a full-length zip that goes all the way from my neck right down between my legs. Normally I have it open just low enough to show my tits off (they're 38 and quite firm), but now it's undone to the waist so I can play with my nipples as I'm writing. Just running my hand along the smooth material on my thigh has got them as hard as pebbles.

I've got a lot of leather gear. There are mini skirts, pencil skirts, jackets and underwear – all really tight. Feeling it rubbing against my nipples and fanny as I move makes me feel as randy as hell. I always wear something leather when I go out, even if it's just a pair of knickers, and when I'm in my full black gear, believe me, no man is safe.

I've always believed that women should take the lead if they feel like it – we get horny just like you guys – so if I see a bloke I like, I go out to get him. That's how I met John. I was in the pub, and though I wasn't meeting anyone except my mate, Judy, I'd really dressed up. I had my leather micro mini skirt on with a pair of thigh boots – they're PVC, actually, but beautifully black and shiny. On top I had just a thin white vest and my leather motor cycle jacket – it's all zips and studs and two sizes too small, so my tits look like they'll burst out any minute. I didn't bother with a bra, I rarely do. My blonde hair was down over my shoulders, and the warpaint was on – scarlet lipstick and matching nail varnish.

We sat down, and immediately I spotted John with his mates. He was a tall, blond Viking type. I don't know how it is with blokes, but sometimes I look at a guy and just feel really hot. I think: "It's no good, I've just got to have his cock. I want to hold it, suck it, feel it inside me. I'm going to fuck him dry by the end of the night." That's how I felt when I saw John, and that's almost exactly what happened.

At first, though, he didn't take the slightest notice of us. So I took the seat opposite him, and started undoing the zip on the side of the tiny skirt. It had already ridden up to the top of my thighs, but now he could see practically all my bum in profile, if he looked. But the bastard was still telling dirty jokes to his mates. Then I ran my hands along my bare thighs, staring at him all the time. Inside my tiny skirt, my

My Fetish

Probably the weirdest Letters in the world

panties were soaked already just thinking what might happen. At last, he looked up, and I winked at him as subtly as I could. I mouthed "follow me". Then I walked slowly to the corridor linking the bars. After a moment he followed!

When we were both outside, it was time to take this bull by the horn. No time for pleasantries, the come was almost running down my thighs. I just said: "Hi," smiled, and almost suffocated him in a lipsticky kiss. My tongue pushed between his lips, and without thinking, my hand ran to the front of his jeans. I grabbed his cock gently, and even through the thick denim I could feel a monster moving. That made me even randier. I wanted him to fuck me there and then, but even I knew that was impossible. It was John who suggested he take me back to his place as soon as we'd got rid of our respective friends.

Just before I met John again, though, I arranged a pleasant surprise for him. I went into the toilet, slipped off my knickers (which were soaked through, anyway), and didn't bother with another pair. I also took off my vest and put the jacket on over my bare boobs and zipped it up. Walking outside, feeling cool air and the leather rubbing against my fanny, the jacket on my bare nipples, and knowing I was going to be fucked by this big blond guy (I didn't even know his name), was almost too much. I was jelly inside.

In the car, we finally introduced ourselves, and went back to his flat. Sitting on the sofa, my nearly-bare pussy aching for some action, I explained that sometimes there's just no point fucking about with polite, pointless conversation. You get horny, you want to screw and that's it. He looked surprised, but agreed. He still didn't do anything about it, though!

Then I stood up and faced him. Slowly, ever so slowly, I pulled down the zip of my jacket until my boobs bounced into view. My nipples were red and swollen even then. I cupped my breasts in front of him. They were brown from my holiday and slightly moist from being in the warm leather.

For a ghastly moment I thought the lager might have reached the parts it all too often does, but no. I could see his cock growing from where I was standing! Then I ran my hands down to my skirt and began to undo the side zip again, lifting it to reveal one sopping wet cunt. Immediately he pounced on me, and we were kissing hard again, this time with his fingers working away on my wet pussy.

I was moaning already. Then I started unzipping him, grabbing his cock with my hand as it sprung out. Greedily I started to suck at it, my lips moving up and down his long shaft, my tongue licking at the knob. It was hot and salty – ooh, I love that! It wasn't long before I felt it jerking. I thought he'd explode, and he practically did. Spurt after spurt of spunk filled my mouth till it dribbled down my chin. I licked my salty lips and swallowed his lovely come. But I knew he wanted more and so did I.

I massaged his cock with

my lips and tongue until it was hard again. He grabbed my tits, rubbing them with his hard hands. I still had the jacket, skirt and boots on, and they felt deliciously hot against my bare skin as I got more worked up. But it was my cunt that needed some attention now!

So I grabbed his dick, now restored to glory, and began to rub it along the smooth plastic of the boots, inside the leather skirt to where I needed it. Needless to say, it slipped easily through my sopping bush. But his cock was so thick, it filled my willing cunt completely. I gasped as he pushed that bit further, and began a slow movement in and out of my slippery fanny.

"Go on, fuck me, fuck me harder, you bastard!" I shouted. I really couldn't bear the teasing. He pounded away, his balls slapping between my legs. I arched my back, screaming and moaning, my hair streaky with sweat plastered over my face. I could hold on no longer. I screamed and suddenly everything erupted. Hot rivers were running inside me, gushing through my body. My head rang, my fanny felt as if it was glowing as red as a stop sign. His cock pulled out of me, still dribbling down the inside of my thigh.

John lay on top of me. "Now how do you feel?" he asked. Instinctively I placed my hand on his cock. It was still wet. I felt the hot leather tight on my bottom and my nipples pushing through the lining of my jacket. Breathlessly, I moved down to lick my come from his cock. Just a quick lick, then a little kiss on his wet balls, a suck of his hot, salty knob and – mmm – I wanted it all over again!

By the end of the night, he'd come inside me three times and soaked my tits twice. Even my boots felt full of his spunk.

No, I'm not a nympho. It's just the way leather makes me feel, and John, who's still my boyfriend, lets me indulge myself. In fact I've just heard him come in, so I'll leave it there. Writing this has made me feel horny as hell and the catsuit's damp already. It's going to be another long night.

Caroline, Chepstow ♣

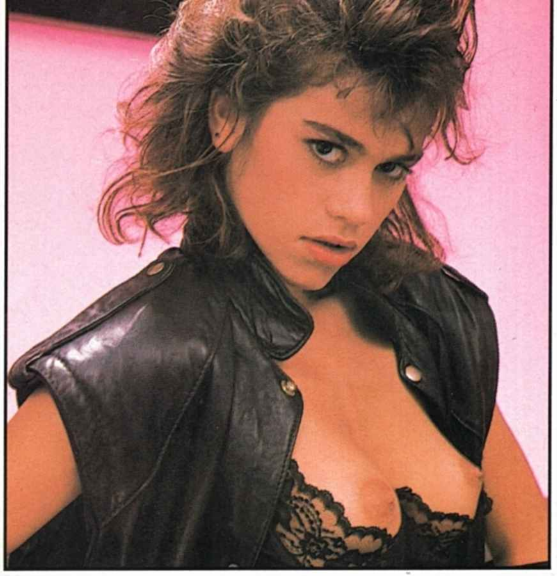
Georgina

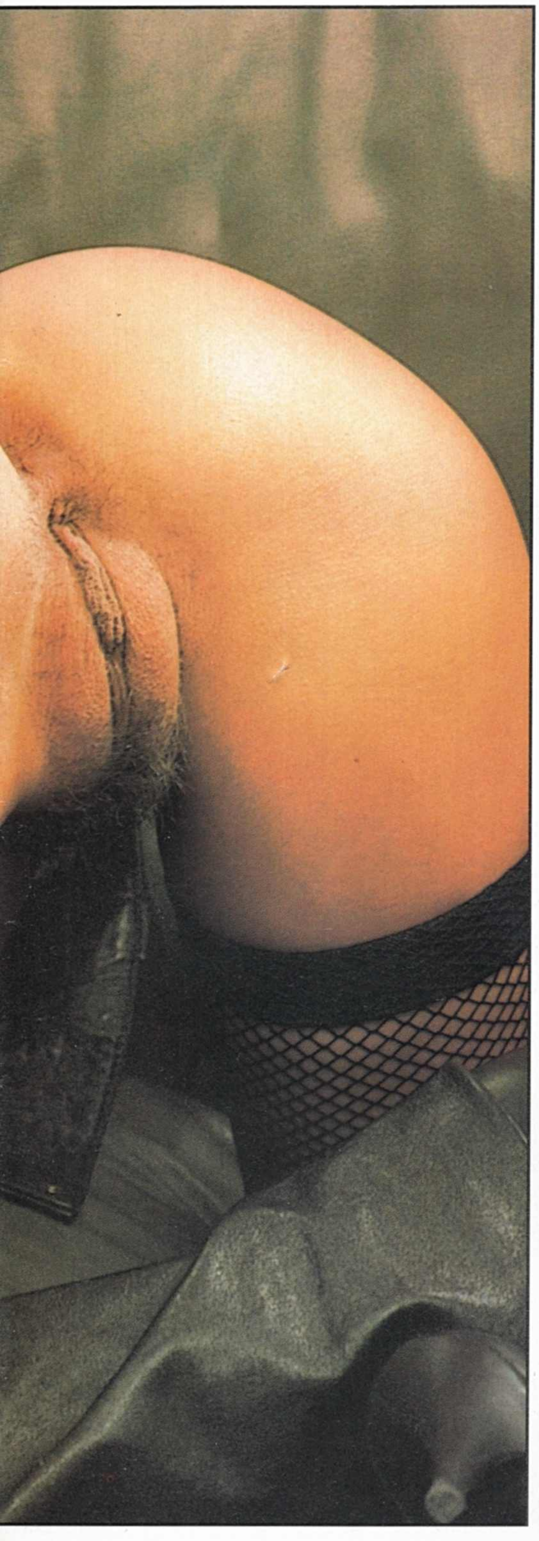
If you were ever to meet Georgina (and, yes, chance would be a fine thing), one of the first things you'd

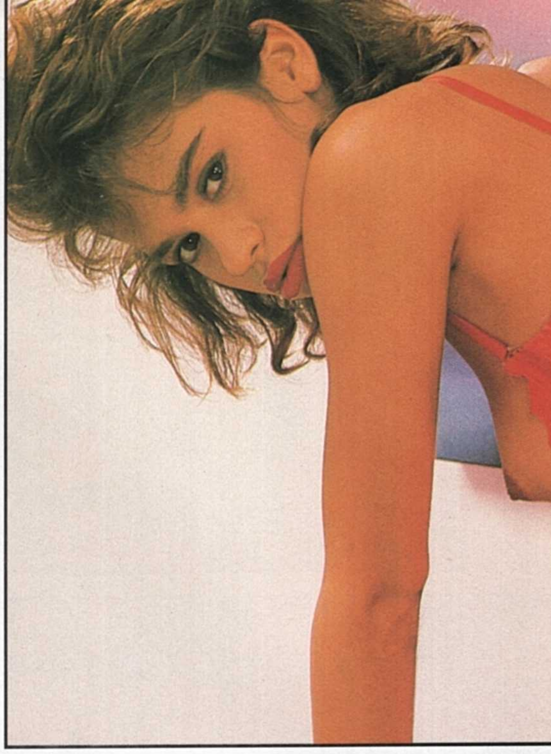
---

Photographs by Ingo Harney

notice would be the delicious smell of well cared-for supple leather, a material that is almost always resident on some part of Georgie's person. She's hot on hide, is this 22-year-old, which isn't all that surprising when you consider she comes from Leatherhead. Yes, really. "I really love the stuff," she reveals.







"It feels good and looks even better, as long as it's black; black leather will always have the right image."

Meaning men are attracted to it?

"Gosh, aren't they just! I'm forever having my bum groped by boyfriends when I have one of my pairs of tight leather trousers on, and they're always asking me to wank them off wearing the gloves you see in the pictures."

And do you?

"Well, I try to keep it to a minimum, because spunk stains are ever so difficult to clean off them . . ." ♣

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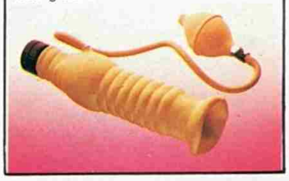

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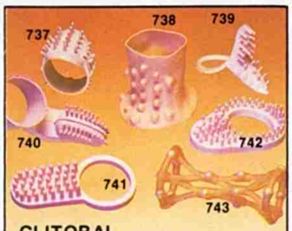

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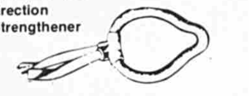

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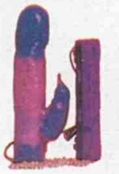

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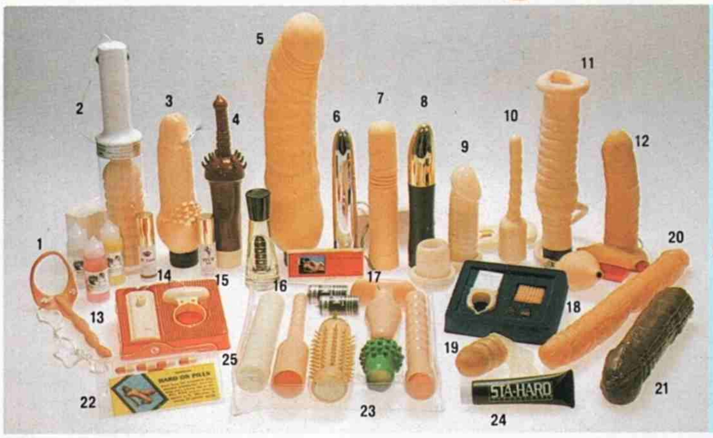

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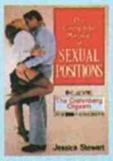

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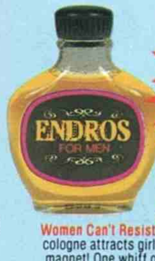

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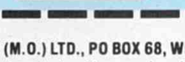

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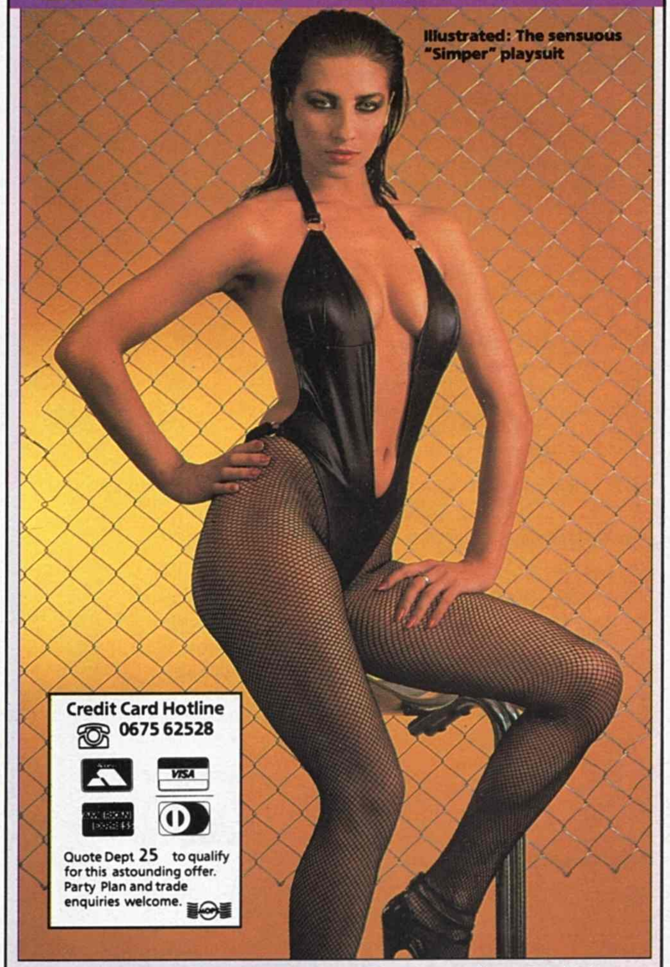

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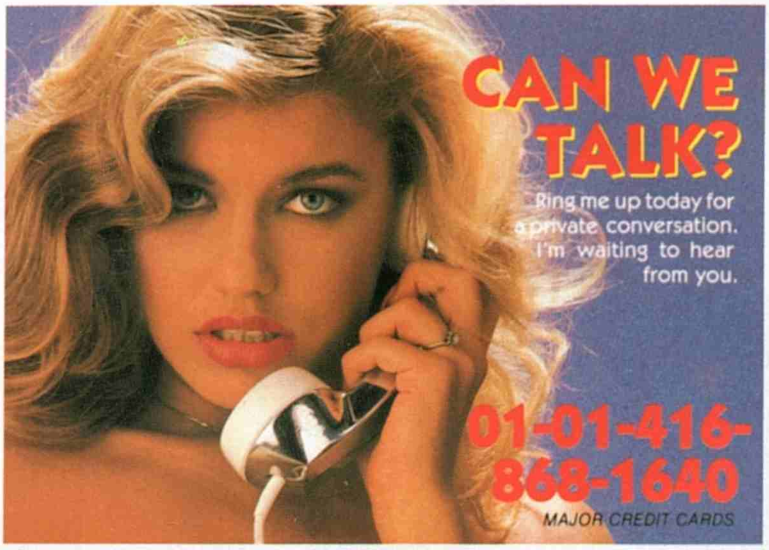
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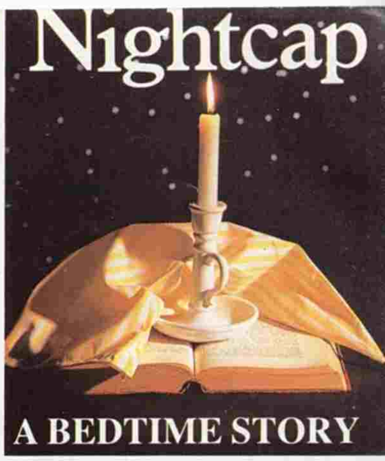

THE WILD SIDE

It's the call that everyone dreads. The call to the boss's office which leads to a lonely banishment to The Great Unwanted. Andrew discovers it's even worse than he could ever have imagined . . .

For his final meal he chose a table at the side of the restaurant, a small table with two seats; and to make sure no one joined him, he covered one of them with his coat. In front of him he arranged the bowl of soup, the roll and the meal – so much of it on his plate that some gravy had oozed over the side.

He began to eat in his usual hurried fashion; buttering the roll, taking a bite, a spoonful of soup to soak into it in his mouth. More soup, more roll, until his lips couldn't quite contain it and he dribbled. As he leaned back and paused for a breather he was unaware of Hilary and another girl from the typing pool pointing and giggling at him from across the restaurant. They picked out his bulging cheeks stuffed with food, his sweating forehead and his gazing mad eyes and teased each other with the thought of sleeping with him. Hilary almost retched.

But Andrew was too sad to notice or care. He was reflecting upon how his career had so suddenly come to an end. Only yesterday he had been working well and thinking towards the future. But after this morning's revelation – Malcolm sacking him – it was quite possible he didn't have one. Maybe all he had to look forward to was a rapid decline through unemployment, destitution, and the final horror of a maggoty corpse swollen and stuck fast in the dustbin through which it had pathetically rummaged for its last meal.

"Why don't you take the afternoon off?" Malcolm had suggested. "Look for other work while I sort out your notice." And this from the man who had been his best friend. Malcolm had been a man to confide in, a sympathetic ear always ready to listen to Andrew's problems; like, for instance, how it was that women hated him, especially Janice, Mr Baker's secretary. A long-legged brunette, she persisted in wearing black tights and giving him the come-on by ignoring him completely. If only he could have Janice! A picture of her, stark-naked and gaping, squirmed into his mind and while he advanced, cock at the ready, she was moaning *no, no*, and spreading her legs even wider.

"It's disgusting, isn't it?" Janice became a carrot, a temptation to the donkey. "Morons like that should have it cut off at birth." Andrew didn't look at the two women who had sat at the table next to him. He knew what they were talking about and the best he could do was to stop rubbing his hard-on and pretend he was cleaning his hands on his napkin.

Malcolm had ruined his life and had enjoyed doing it. When Andrew had asked him why he was getting the sack he had said: "Oh, I don't know. Let's just say that you're no longer fit for the job." And then he'd dashed from the office only to burst out laughing in the corridor.

Andrew dabbed, absently, at the trail of soup and succeeded only in smudging it further across his chin. "No longer fit for the job." Maybe it was more serious than that. Maybe it was the onset of some major illness or psychological derangement. He often felt sluggish even though he ate well. Admittedly he ate too much and too quickly. But wasn't that a symptom of diabetes? Or was it only a craving for water which signalled the onset of that affliction?

He found himself longing for a swift and romantic end. He was a strong, healthy leader tracked down by a huge army of diseases on horseback. They gave him the honour of shafting Janice one last time before they attacked. And they came. Walls fell, dying men were kicked, vast plains were conquered and the only outward show of this inner turmoil was the hunched figure of Andrew James butchering his Carbonade of Beef in the restaurant of a company that no longer wanted him.

In the street it was raining. A dismal day. A mongrel shivered as he walked by, shifting its rump closer to the railing to which it was tied – its ears back, its eyes wide and its breathing laboured. *What kind of bastard keeps a dog in the city?* he thought. *What kind of bastard keeps a dog?*

He was just thinking about how he would kill its owner when he thought he saw Malcolm disappearing into a newsagent's. Maybe he should kill Malcolm instead? He eased his conscience by persuading himself he was entering the shop to escape the rain and to read the papers for job vacancies. *Swine!* He practised under his breath. *Bastard!*

Inside the shop, the queue for the checkout was formed alongside the newspaper section and it was only after much pushing and polite shoving that he was able to secure a berth by the papers. He was just about to scan the shop for Malcolm when he became aware of a round of tut-tuttings and mean glances from the people in the queue. His patience broke.

"Well, why the hell don't you queue over there?" he shouted at the ringleader, a particularly sorry-looking old woman who inflamed his anger precisely because she was old and sorry-looking. A man tapped him on the shoulder.

"That's a lady you're talking to."

He didn't like the way the man's mouth sneered, rather like the anti-hero's in a soap opera might, but without the actor's finesse. This was for real.

"Well, isn't it obvious that people might want to read these papers and that you might be in the way?"

"Fuck off."

The suddenness of it took Andrew completely by surprise.

"What?"

"You heard me. Fuck off." A trace of spittle flew with it as the man, old enough to know better, squared-up and bared his teeth. Andrew could hear the checkout girl distantly asking for assistance and he watched as a crowd gathered in an arc about them, expecting nothing less than blood. He couldn't quite understand how this situation had arisen. He remembered the queue and his rather unfortunate, rather insensitive remark to the woman. But the origin of this salivating ape was a complete mystery. He had an unsightly gap in his front teeth, more grease than hair on his scalp, and a curious arrangement of dandruff about the shoulders and upturned collar of his jacket. Andrew felt nauseated.

"What the hell do you mean, 'Fuck off'?" he said as he clenched his fists under the cover of his pockets and found them sadly wanting both in size and strength. He'd never boxed anybody about the ears before, but he'd give this one a damn good try.

The boxing lesson, however, did not materialize. A few minutes later, Andrew and the drunk – for that's what the man was – found themselves evicted from the shop and being warned by the manager against ever entering there again. The manager retreated back to his career and Andrew watched as a panorama of the dismal day flashed in the glass of the closing shop door.

"Why?" Andrew asked his coffee as an image of the unsteady drunk and two thrusting fingers squatted in his memory and ruined it by rolling over and kipping in some soiled newspapers. Was this the descent to skid row? The final sacking?

Some activity in the street caught his attention and he looked up in time to see a woman enter the café. It was obvious what she was and it was obvious that she was over-humped and cheap. Andrew winced as her buttocks (no doubt bruised) made contact with the green plastic seat. Her breasts were large and squashed together, her missing eyebrows were stencilled in, and her red leather coat framed her figure like a warning sign.

Nevertheless, Andrew, like a condemned man, found himself clutching to the fantasy of her. After a quick search through his pockets, he calculated he had enough to meet her price, especially so, since by the looks of her, she wasn't in a position to bargain. He felt disgusted with himself, but what the hell – the world seemed intent on dragging him down the slippery slope, so he might as well go with a pumping rump.

"I'm only round the corner, luv," She had paused on the way out. "Number 12. If you've got nothing else to do?" She gave his leg a squeeze just below the fly and then went about her business.

Sordid was the only word for Number 12. Everything and its friends stained the sheets, but Andrew didn't care. Sharon had licked the soup from his chin, so he loved her. While he was thrusting away he thought of himself as a bohemian, rejected by his employers and forced to live on the wild side, a wanton shadow, misunderstood and mad. However, just as he was about to reach the point after which guilt and fear of diseases would plague him, she stopped moving and took a piece of paper from under her pillow.

"What's going on?" he said, trying to stop the involuntary spasms in his groin. Sharon cleared her throat and began to read.

"Hello, Andrew, I'm told to say,
I hope I've saved your shitty day . . ."

Andrew, still heavily entrenched in Sharon, turned to look at the door from where he'd heard some shuffling.

"You might think this a crazy notion,
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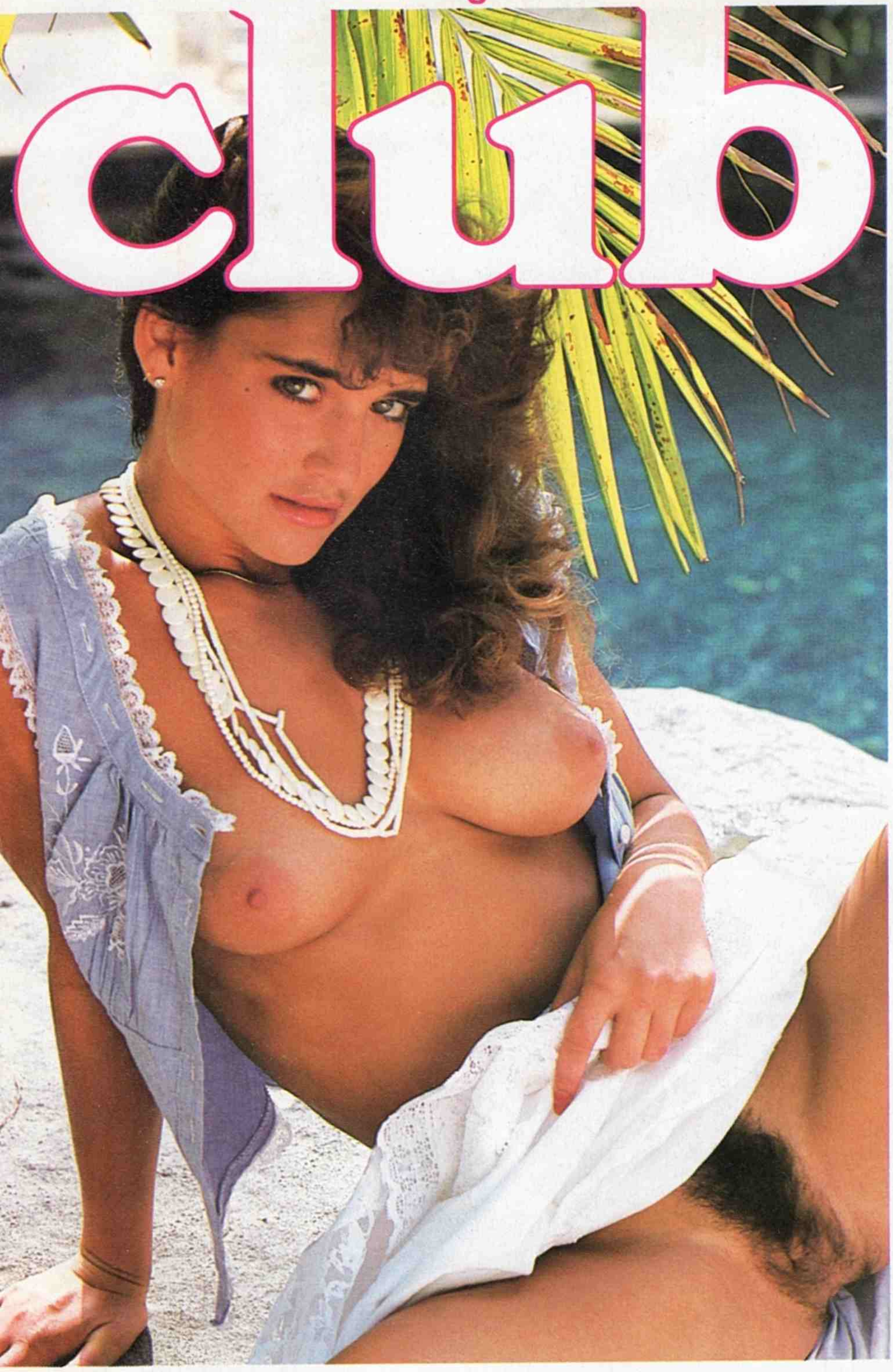
"Surprise!" Malcolm exclaimed as he burst through the door.♣

By Rob Bayley. Illustration by Simon Williams.

coming in club



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IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

quite randy, and my cock started to twitch. I decided not to hang about. "Go on, get in there!" I said to myself, as I walked towards her. Heather turned, smiled at me and reached out to put her arms around me. I put my hands on her waist, our lips clashed and her tongue went straight in my mouth.

Heather drew her head away and began running her tongue down my body to my erect cock. She took hold of it with one of her hands, while the other tickled my balls. I was really itching to have my cock sucked.

Once it was inside her mouth, she slowly jerked her head up and down my wet, steamy cock. Her nails dug into my skin as she felt me coming. She pulled her head away, started wanking me faster and I shot my load all over her face. Some of it went into her mouth, the rest she wiped off with her fingers and sucked them clean.

I bent down and pulled her soaking wet G-string to one side. I kissed her pink, puffy lips, which made her put her hands on my head and push it hard into her cunt. I licked, sucked and kissed until she let out an almighty scream. Hearing this, Sharon came running up the stairs to find Heather leaning against the dressing table, legs wide apart, her hands playing with her tits and me kneeling on the floor licking at her juices.

Sharon came over and took hold of my now-erect cock. She started off wanking me, but soon took me in her mouth and worked me to my second come.

After a brief respite, Heather peeled off her G-string while Sharon started getting my cock hard again. Once it was, Heather sat on it, gliding it into her soaking pussy. Sharon sat on my face, parting her lips so I could get a great view of her pussy.

As I licked away at it furiously, Heather pumped up and down like mad on my cock. I didn't want to fire up her cunt, so I disentangled myself – somehow – from these two nymphos, got Sharon in the doggy position and rammed my cock in her. When I felt myself coming, I pulled out and started wanking myself as the two girls lay on the floor. My spunk went flying over both of them, and they licked it from their bodies.

As it turned out, the girls were sharing the flat above the studio, and they invited me in for a while. As I was about to leave, Heather came over and asked if I wanted to go out with her that Friday. I did – and Sharon was away for the weekend. This time, I had the opportunity to concentrate all my efforts on the one girl.

Name and address withheld ♣

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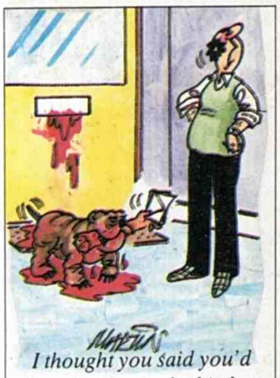
*We give up – what **did** happen to her?*



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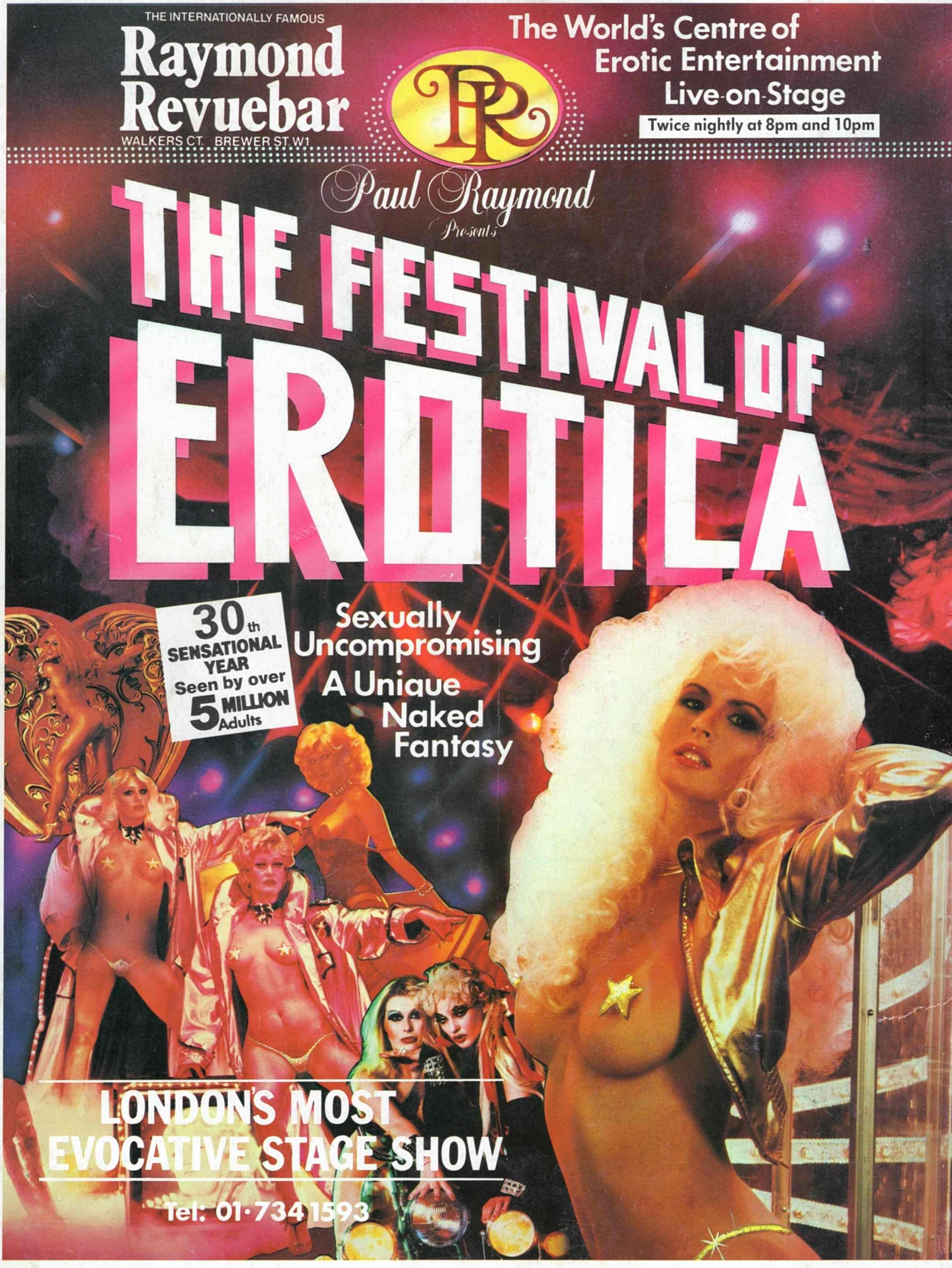

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